JOHN BULL, week ending September 23, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXVI. 1997

3D. EVERY THURSDAY

A CASE FOR CONTROL by The Editor

SEAMEN LEFT STRANDED

SNAP ELECTION? by SWAFFER

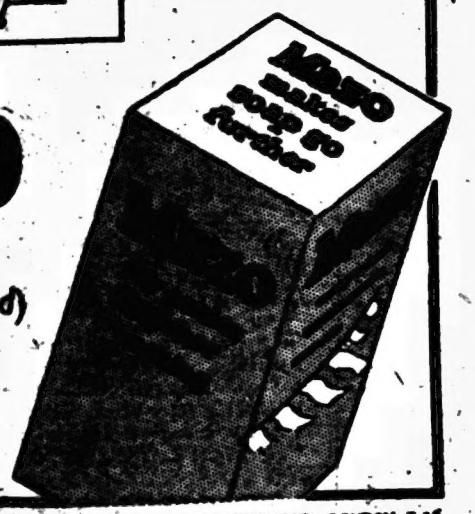
How to make your soap go twice as far

MAZO peps up soap. Makes it lather better, work harder, go further. Mazo therefore saves your soap coupons. It saves your clothes as well, because the rich sudsy Mazo lather loosens dirt quickly and without hard rubbing.

Make a test of Mazo. You will be pleased with its remarkable thoroughness. If your weekly wash is fairly large you can save ½ bar of soap every washday.

MAZO

LOOK! 3 PACKETS (9½d) FOR ONLY 1 COUPON



MZ 101-414

Selling Agents: JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

My goodness-

A glass of Guinness is a cheerful sight

G.E.1222.C

FOOD FACTS

When your child is 5

The day your five-year-old exchanges his green ration book for a blue one, sit down and make a new food plan for him.

He will now get, for the first time, an adult ration of meat. He will probably be having his mid-day meal at school, and so will enjoy the school's special food allowance.

He gets half a pint of milk at home — this is more than the grown-ups' share — and either one-third or two-thirds of a pint at school. So, most days, he still has five-sixths of a pint or more.

He no longer gets his orange juice and cod liver oil, but now that he has all his teeth and eats the same kind of meals as the rest of the family, see that he gets the necessary vitamins in the same way as they do — from green vegetables, milk, margarine, dried eggs, etc.

Instead of Orange Juice

The next best thing to orange juice is a helping of shredded raw green vegetables or some raw turnip and swede, thinly sliced or chopped when in season. Try giving these shredded vegetables to the children in the form of sandwiches, as a salad or garnish, or stirred into a soup or stew immediately before you serve it.

The best vegetables for this purpose are cabbage, sprouts, watercress or chopped parsley.

Remember also the Rose Hip Syrup and Blackcurrant Purée sold by chemists for schoolchildren.

One of these alternatives should be given to children every day as well as properly cooked green vegetables (see leaflet 'How to Cook a Cabbage'*).*

PLANNING THE CHILD'S POINTS

Use nearly all the **points coupons** in the children's books for body-building and protective foods: tinned milk, meats and fish. Buy **oily fish** such as herrings, sardines and pilchards. They have a high food value and are rich in Vitamin A. You can save points on breakfast cereals by occasionally giving the children wheat meallies. These are made by cutting ½ inch-thick slices of stale bread into ½ inch-squares. Bake in a slow oven until brown and crisp. Store in a tin. Serve ½ to 1 cupful to each child with milk and sugar.

Free leaflets

If you would like to know more about planning meals for children from one year upwards, send a post-card for "*How to Plan Meals for Children*," giving the ages of your own children. Address: Ministry of Food (Dept. 625L), Food Advice Division, Portman Court, Portman Square, London, W.1.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT ON TUES., WED., THURS. & FRI. at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 219

OVERHEARD AT THE BENCH

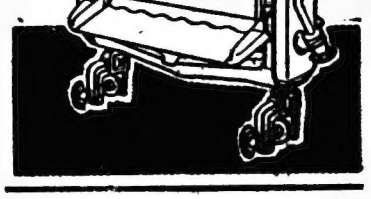
"... and I do all my own washing now, too."

"So do I, and I expect we'll have to go on with it long after the war. And I really don't mind. Thank goodness we managed to get our ★Acme before war broke out—it's amazing how easily it gets through a really big wash, and how crisp and clean everything comes out."

"You're perfectly right—fortunately I'm able to borrow a friend's."

"It's just the same with me—our Acme does for all the neighbours until they can get Acmes of their own ..."

★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer fits the smallest flatlet or the largest country house—and stands up to the heaviest family wash as easily as it looks after your sheerest silks.*



Make tea-time a feast *with these delicious*

CHOCOLATE CREAM COOKIES

THEY'RE simply delicious, these little Chocolate Cream Cookies. And they're quick and easy to make — just the thing to serve as a special treat for tea.

INGREDIENTS: *4 oz. margarine, 4 oz. sugar, 1 level tablespoon dried egg, ½ lb. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon Rowntree's Cocoa, 2 tablespoons water.*

METHOD: Cream margarine and sugar, and beat in the dried egg (dry). Add water, and work in the flour and Rowntree's Cocoa. Put small lumps of the mixture on a greased baking sheet and bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes. When cold, sandwich together with mock cream, made by mixing 3 tablespoons household milk (dry) with one tablespoon sugar and a little cold water.

IMPORTANT

So many meal-time drinks contain no nourishment at all! But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the way *sugar* does); and iron for the blood. Besides, Rowntree's Cocoa aids digestion. Make it your family's meal-time drink.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

For economy's sake, get the 1-lb. family tin, price 1/6. (Half-lb. tin, 9½d.; qtr.-lb carton, 5d.)

Only the finest ingredients are good enough for MARS..

CHOCOLATE ... to Sustain GLUCOSE ... to Entertain
MILK ... to Nourish

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory — and plenty of Mars for everyone — everywhere.

Mars

Britain's War Workers

Carry on with a smile and a

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

shine

There is no finer polish for giving a brilliant, lasting shine. It also preserves and waterproofs the shoes.

CBC/61

Lovely Mummy!

YOU'VE GOT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION TOO!"

Wise Mummy, to pass on the secret of her loveliness. And because Baby's bathed every day with Palmolive, she'll keep that loveliness unspoilt in later years. Thanks to Palmolive's velvety olive-oil lather, she'll grow up "Schoolgirl Complexion" from head to toe.

PALMOLIVE

4D Including Tax

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 23, 1944

93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

SHRINKING EMPIRES

Straight from the Shoulder

ONE part of the world where the war has gone badly is China.

This fact needs to be stated baldly because of the general assumption that the defeat of Japan will automatically follow the downfall of Germany.

Talking of Japan

It is not necessarily a depressing fact. That Japan will be overwhelmed is a certainty, and it is a fair probability that this will be accomplished quickly. But the position in China is a measure of the difficulties which confront our military planners.

The Far Eastern situation was therefore the chief military subject of the Quebec discussions.

Though the Battle of Germany is not over, the conference in Canada had no need to discuss its outcome: the occupation, not the conquest, of the Reich and Russo-Polish relations were the other questions on the agenda.

West—

Of the situation in the West, comment is made superfluous by the headlines in the daily papers. No one needs a reminder that Allied armies are driving into Germany, Allied air forces can now concentrate against the main objective instead of deploying most of their strength against targets in the occupied lands, and the enemy is having to fight in a rapidly diminishing circle.

East—

But the position in the Far East is almost as simple.

Japanese aircraft are being withdrawn from the South and South-West Pacific and the Philippines, that "land of a thousand islands."

Japanese warships are kept in home waters for the defence of the homeland. And Japanese soldiers, though fighting as tenaciously as their comrades-in-arms, with whom they have little in common, are also being forced back into the diminishing circle. Except in China!

The Objective

There they are drawing a cordon across the country from north to south. They are converging now on the southernmost province, a rich rice-bearing area which the famished Chinese cannot afford to lose. They have seized strategic railways and freed their flanks from the danger of assault. But this great offensive has a defensive purpose. It is designed to compel the Americans to retreat from the Chinese ports from which Tokyo can be bombed.

Chiang's Vision

This aim was impressed on the Western leaders at Cairo last year by Chiang Kai-shek and his wife—who has been a powerful influence on the long drawn-out resistance against Japan.

As a result, there have been important Allied operations in the Far East. But it has become increasingly plain that Burma will not be conquered and the way to China reopened until the might now levelled against Germany can be transferred to the Far East. That transfer has been arranged at Quebec.

Wise Leniency

Meanwhile, the smaller fry of the Axis, darting like minnows to sanctuary before they were left stranded by the defeat of Germany, have been handled by the United Nations with a fine restraint.

The terms given to Bulgaria are neither squeamish nor vindictive. Rumania can afford the indemnity of £75,000,000 required by Russia. Even Finland will have to pay no more than a similar amount, half the sum originally demanded.

No Monster

These terms may disappoint a few people here who used to chant, "Wait until Stalin gets at them," and who apparently expected him to justify the Bolshevist Bogy cartoons of a monster with human blood dripping from his mouth.

It is fortunate for us all that he happens to be a Statesman shrewd enough to know that an impoverished Europe would enrich nobody.

Gandhi's Silence

Hardly less important have been the talks between Mr. Gandhi and the Moslem leader on the future of India. But Mr. Gandhi is wise to request silence from foreign observers; the discussions could not be helped by outside speculation.

There are other matters, however, which need all the publicity that can be afforded, and which ultimately are of greater importance than the differences between Hindus and Moslems.

Dreadful Figures

There is hunger in India. There is the most abject poverty. There is disease on a scale unimaginable in Britain.

As Professor A. V. Hill, M.P., has pointed out, "the average new-born child in India has an even chance of living to 22; in Britain and America the same child has an even chance of living to nearly 70."

There is a shortage of 250,000 doctors—no, that is not a printer's error—and hundreds of millions of people are under-fed.

The Truth

Thus the problem of India is not chiefly political; it is economic, though economic tranquillity cannot be attained if the political scene is stormy.

Nor is Britain wholly to blame for India's plight. Though so much richer, our own country has not been a haven of tranquillity and a treasure-store for most of our people.

"SUCH TIMELY AID—

when one has lost all, is much appreciated" writes Mr. G. Lawley, of Plumstead, in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance.

● **Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from John Bull's Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Remember

This should be remembered by the Diehards who are now clamouring for a return to the "good old days" that were so bad for the majority of our population.

Let us get Back to Business by all means; but not many of us are anxious to sweep away all wartime controls so that we may restore the chaotic poverty of the Hungry Thirties.

Shadows of War

It should not be forgotten that Britain has been in the shadow of war ever since 1914, and has suffered severely from its economic consequences.

Most of us will remember the "dole" queues and the Distressed Areas; Sir John Boyd Orr is ready to remind us that twenty million people—nearly half our population—could not afford enough food before the war to keep them in full health.

Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, who has been a powerful influence in the war against Japan

Lap of Luxury

Yet the anti-control champions would have us believe that we were all living in luxury before Big Business was made subservient to the State.

The *Overseas Trading Bulletin* argues that Hitler cured us of "fatty degeneration," and allows itself a chuckle at those who "proclaim a brave new world, with free milk, free meals, and free laundry laid on for one and all."

First Freedom

This amusing gibe will not deter ordinary people, who are willing to dispense with free laundry services, from aspiring to freedom from want.

Britain therefore shares a common problem with India—and with every country in the world. For no one country can solve the problem by itself.

World Action

In other words, there can be no island of richness in a world afflicted with poverty and insecurity. A world organisation will be needed to safeguard us against Want as against War.

And it is a hopeful sign that leaders of the United Nations, considering the future of Germany and her satellites, are agreed upon the futility and the danger of lowering the standard of living in vast tracts of Europe.

It's a Start

There is another encouraging sign.

The second year's report of the Combined Production and Resources Board shows that our own Mr. Lyttelton, the U.S.A.'s Mr. Nelson, and Mr. Howe of Canada, recognise the need to adapt the machinery of war to the requirements of peace.

Former trade rivals—countries as well as industries—had to combine in order to equip the United Nations' armies. Why should they cut each others' throats in the difficult years to come?

Nothing to Gain

Britain would not gain by such international rivalry. Most of our old markets abroad have disappeared; our industries need considerable adaptation to new conditions.

Nor would even the U.S.A. benefit by "sweeping the board," and thereby ruining other industrial countries.

Co-operation spells ordered prosperity; uncontrolled competition means chaotic poverty. That we have learnt.

Making Work

As the *Financial News* has reported, this fact has been accepted even by the National Union of Manufacturers, which for long championed a policy of tariff protection and "is to-day actually criticising the Fabians for their failure to see the need for international co-operation if full employment is to be attained."

Now, perhaps, our Government will be encouraged to formulate proposals for world trade expansion.

Broad View

Purely national affairs require an equally broad approach that hitherto has been lacking.

Our Ministers have been too eager, for example, to assume that the housing question can be answered without deciding on a land policy. But politicians are not the only people whose vision is restricted.

Road transport interests have drawn up a programme for road development in Britain that would no doubt be an excellent thing for the "big men."

Left Out

But it leaves out of consideration the pedestrians, the railways, canals, and air traffic.

Transport should obviously be planned as a whole; a Ministry of Communications may be required to avoid needless competition and wasteful overlapping.

The Government's transport policy should be announced without further delay, if only to end the uncertainty of the thousands of haulage contractors who, before and during the war, have earned a fair deal.

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER —Continued from preceding page

NO one in pre-war Britain worked harder than the haulage contractor. There wasn't a job too small, too niggling or too troublesome.

The man who would carry a load of peas from Doncaster to Covent Garden on Thursday, pick up your dresser on Friday, deliver it two streets away, and manage a Sunday school treat at the week-end, deserved all the profit he could get.

No Comfort Ahead

The little contractor showed the railway companies a thing or two. He kept on showing them till they got frightened. And he found himself up against all the financial power of combined vested interests.

Now what? There's nothing in the trend of things to give any comfort to the man who's looking forward to earning his living with the two or three heavy lorries that represent his capital.

Idle Lorries

Many small contractors who have been busy so far on war work are finding their contracts are over. They're seeking work but they daren't make too much fuss. Because the Ministry of War Transport is apt to take away their licences if they hint at a shortage of jobs.

Thousands of tipping lorries are idle now that airfield construction has ceased and the Government has stopped wholesale war building.

Whose Interest?

It's very much to the liking of the transport combines that these lorries should remain idle till their owners go bankrupt. It's not in the interest of the hundreds of drivers who will one day be leaving the Services. Is it in the interest of the country as a whole?

Free Hand Wanted

The remedy? A very careful watch on any and every monopoly interest; and a free hand for the small man if he can do a job better and cheaper than the combines.

It's not going to be easy. One of the worst things about war is that it makes people combine-minded.

Fight for Rights

For what else but top-heavy combines are the various Ministries who, for nearly five years, have had dictatorial powers over everyone's everyday lives? It'll take some real clear-sightedness to get back our ordinary rights, the rights we used to take for granted.

Shut up Shop

All of which may sound pompous and up in the air. Let's get on to some of the workaday points involved.

Mr. Harry Leedham, a one-man garage proprietor, of Ellesmere Port, has been doing farm maintenance work for some time. After 17 years in business, he was ordered to close down and go to work at Chester for 2s. an hour.

As if to point the idiocy of the whole business, he found the Chester place closed for the annual holiday when he presented himself.

Come-Back?

JOHN BULL would like to help William Clarke, of Southchurch Avenue, Southend-on-Sea. He's done 4½ years in the Civil Defence and is now only fit for the lightest work. He wants to take up his peace-time trade—selling novelties and toys. But he can't get a licence. Mr. Dalton ought to see he gets one.

Petty Jealousy

In a neighbouring seaside town there's been some dissatisfaction because the N.F.S. have released grocers' assistants as first priority. Local building workers say there's a lot of bomb damage to make good and they ought to have been released first.

Arguments like this are stupid, and we won't support them. Private jealousies are not going to make demobilisation run any the smoother.

Starving to Travel

Nothing adequate has yet been done about travel warrants for the relatives of wounded Servicemen. Parents with no money to spare are still going without food to save rail fares so that they can see their sons.

What's in a Minute?

A reader (who probably doesn't work many miles from a Labour Exchange) thinks we were unduly harsh in a recent comment on the Ministry of Labour prosecutions for absenteeism. He argues that prosecutions have to be started sometimes even if a man is only a minute or two late. The odd minute might hold up a score of other workers.

Well, there's something to be said for that view.

Oh, Mr. Bevin!

But there's not much to be said for a summons brought by the Ministry of Labour at Crewe the other day.

A man was alleged to have been absent from work on three specific occasions. In fact, he was at his job on two of the days. On the third, the factory was closed for the holidays. The Ministry was not wholly to blame for the blunder but it had to pay an advocate's fee of ten guineas. We won't be harsh about it.

Nicely, Thank You

And as for being harsh about Chipping (Lancashire pretty spot) which, according to Councillor E. Jenkins, has more money than it knows what to do with—well. . . .

Councillor Jenkins made his remark when he spoke against a suggestion that he and his neighbours should support a Civil Defence fund. "They've had five years," he said. "Most people have raised money for themselves."

Hairdressing is a skilled job

In the provincial papers advertisers are offering to teach hairdressing by correspondence, or in a very short course of lessons. They're obviously appealing to Service men and women who are anxious to establish themselves after the war. But the Hairdressers' Joint Industrial Council lays it down that entry into the craft needs three years' proper training.

Many so-called teachers claim to show you all about permanent waving and tinting in a week or two. It's much better to have nothing to do with catch-penny teachers. Most of their trainees will find themselves unemployed and unemployable when the war is over.

The Yard—

Details of a big racket in this war will soon be coming to light—in the courts. It was discovered not long ago that War Department vehicles were disappearing. An inquiry was ordered by the Ministry of Supply and the War Office, and Scotland Yard was called in.

Tradesmen were tracked down who had bought Army cars, lorries, even ambulances at ridiculously low prices.

—Looks In

The vehicles had been falsely condemned as unfit and sold at salvage prices. Government officers are believed to have been at the head of the racket, drawing commission on sales.

It's expected that warrants will soon be issued, and there will be some sensational charges of conspiracy and false pretences.

★ ★ ★

In the issue of JOHN BULL dated July 1, the photograph illustrating the article on "Women Officers are Science-Picked" was that of an officer and not a cadet.

First in the Field

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER

ONE hundred years ago sailors on a warship of the Royal Navy, in an encounter with the Chinese, were astounded to see a strange figure advancing over the waves.

Clad in a loose coat with coloured pipings, his trousers rolled above his knees, wearing a cocked hat, the man was riding astride an inflated pigskin!

Yelling ferociously, he waved a massive trident, carrying iron rings, which he jangled to intimidate the "barbarian" British sailors.

Then he fired a clumsy match-lock pistol.

In reply a roar of laughter came from the deck of the warship. A bullet punctured his pigskin and he sank majestically from view.

But at least he can claim, among his ancestors, that he was the first "human torpedo."

P. S.

Racket in Officers' Uniforms

● An obvious stupidity in supplying a well-equipped modern army would be the existence of gunsmiths who had the monopoly of selling weapons to officers. Yet our Army supply system contains an anomaly as striking—the fact that private firms still furnish His Majesty's officers with their uniforms and equipment.

This custom has been challenged, both in the House of Commons by Mr. Evelyn Walkden, Labour Member for Doncaster Division, and outside. "Service Snops" are being demanded to replace the present system.

Large profits are made on Army equipment. For instance, an officer needed a map case. The lowest price in shops was £2 5s. He bought some leather and a sheet of celluloid, and took them to a saddler, who stitched them. The cost was under 5s.

★ ★ ★

The price of a Service jacket and trousers may be fourteen guineas, plus purchase tax. Of this more than £5 is profit. On a greatcoat, costs and profits are even higher.

In May, 1941, the War Office Uniform Scheme of 1939-40 was replaced, in an effort to stop the rising costs of uniforms by the "Priority A" system of cloth, similar in basis to the civilian Utility scheme. But it is easy to talk cadets into purchasing uniforms of alleged superior material and the cost may be considerably above the £45 uniform allowance.

Moreover, Mr. Walkden has a list of twelve line regiments which consider their officers "improperly dressed" unless their uniforms are made of barathea, which is not a "Priority A" cloth.

Representatives of tailoring firms are to be found at most cadet camps and training depots. They open shops near new establishments, and bribery, touting and such practices are a feature of many.

The declaration demanded from every tailor by the National Federation of Merchant Tailors that he will not resort to such methods to obtain business has in many cases proved worthless.

Mr. Evelyn Walkden has submitted a detailed memorandum to the War Office pointing out where they have failed.

He has forced the admission out of the Air Ministry that some greatcoats purchased for overseas establishments would have cost 45 per cent. more had they been bought in a retail shop.

His document leads to one conclusion in the reader's mind: that "Service Shops" are inevitable.

The United States Forces are almost wholly equipped by "Service Shops." They are called "Sales Stores" and exist wherever their Forces are serving. Here officers can buy equipment at strictly reasonable prices.

★ ★ ★

The supporters of the present system argue that the British officer is willing to pay a little more in order to get individual uniform. He won't stand for factory-made clothes, they say.

They ignore the fact that a large majority of "made-to-measure" officers' uniforms are in reality cut in large factories. The tailor takes the measurements in his own shop, but he sends them away for the uniform to be cut and made.

The present system should be altered as soon as possible. Mr. Evelyn Walkden has many supporters, most of them forced to remain dumb for fear of military discipline. He can also be assured of overwhelming support by the public.

ELKAN ALLEN.

A CASE FOR CONTROL

Until recently, statesmen thought it their duty to warn the public against "wishful thinking."

But that was solely in regard to the war situation. They encouraged "wishful thinking" about the coming peace.

Again and again they have talked about "building a better Britain." Mr. Churchill has pledged his Government, if it remains in office, to provide, among other things, "homes for all."

The Prime Minister's sincerity is not to be challenged, but it would be optimism run mad to imagine that he and his colleagues can deliver the goods at short notice.

The truth is that for some years to come there cannot possibly be "homes for all." A shortage of 5,000,000 houses is not to be met by running up a quarter of a million steel "Portals."

And unless drastic action is taken before the year is out, the shortage will lead to famine prices for property.

Consider two basic facts:

First, there are twice as many people—perhaps three or four times as many—looking for houses as there are houses to be let or sold.

Secondly, prices have been rising continuously since the outbreak of war.

Now—with Allied troops across the German frontier and the end of the war in sight—owners are asking double or even treble the pre-war price. And getting it!

This exorbitant rise does not apply, of course, to rent-restricted property with tenants in occupation.

We have had complaints from "small" owners that, if they could get their tenants out of the house "*which they bought as an investment years ago,*" they could sell it for twice what they originally paid for it.

To them, it seems unjust that they are not free to do so.

But, from the national point of view, how scandalous it would be if the "small" tenant could be evicted to provide even the "small" owner with his completely unearned increment!

There have been no extensive repairs to property since 1939, and even maintenance has been inadequate. Which means that the real value of the average house as a place to live in is not more, but less, than it was before the war.

Owner-occupiers tend to overlook this fact. Many of them feel a glow of satisfaction because their property is now "worth" so much more than it was.

They forget they can make no profit unless they sell, and that, even then, they will have to sacrifice what they have gained when they buy a new home to live in.

Meanwhile, the cost of maintenance and repairs has gone up in proportion with the property prices. Actually, therefore, owner-occupiers might have saved money if the price of all property had been controlled at the pre-war level or thereabouts.

As for the vast public which owns no property at all, it would have been immeasurably better off had the price of property, as well as rentals up to the restriction limit, been controlled from the start.

Who does benefit by the increased price of houses?

First, the "big" property owner who has several houses "bought for investment," and among them some beyond the rent restriction limits.

Then the pure speculator, who has lately been buying whatever he could snap up in the almost certain hope of reselling at a fat profit.

And, finally, all the indirectly vested interests which can gain by the rise in building industry shares, or evade the Rent Restriction Acts by so-called furnished lettings.

Some of these shrewd business men collect their huge profits tax free in the form of capital appreciation; others pay tax on their bigger earnings, but not one of them has rendered any service to the community at all commensurate with his gains.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By. THE EDITOR

While the general public is being urged to invest at 3 per cent. or under in Government securities, while it is "lending to defend the right to be free," the privileged minority is getting anything up to 100 per cent.

JOHN BULL advocates, therefore, that no existing house should be sold at a price greater than a similar house would cost to build to-day

We have previously demanded a national land policy because the hotch-potch of existing regulations and permissions and price limitations is futile.

We have denounced the rent sharks, particularly the rapacious brutes who traffic in semi-furnished apartments, and we have advocated the setting up of rent tribunals in England similar to those already operating north of the Border.

And, to keep down the cost of building new houses to a reasonable level, the prices of building materials should be rigorously controlled.

Houses must be made available at a price which will not compel the worker to demand higher wages, and thus lead to general inflation. Every decent tenant, irrespective of present limits, should be protected against arbitrary eviction or a sudden squeeze in his rental.

Control must therefore be enforced for the greatest good of the greatest number.

Will They Stab Us in the Back?

Ernst Kaltenbrunner—expert in terror

I HAVE seen the Nazis fighting underground. It gives me some idea of what Allied troops will have to face if Hitler and Himmler can organise guerilla warfare and underground resistance to maintain the struggle after Germany has been beaten.

Even after the last war Berlin was not a safe place to live in. Street fights, attempted revolts and "vengeance" murders followed one another. Bullets whistled across the streets, Liberal statesmen, such as Erzberger and Rathenau, were assassinated.

And when Hitler and his gang extended their political influence across the borders of Germany we saw the "stab in the back" technique fully developed.

Austria bore the full brunt of Nazi underground warfare financed with the money of German industrialists, carried out with weapons supplied from the arsenal of the Reichswehr.

★ ★ ★

Those were the days when the Nazis fought very much as the Maquis of France have been fighting during the last few years. The only difference was that they were fighting for money and conquest

A bomb would go off in a quiet Vienna street, killing a shopkeeper and his assistant and wounding a dozen shoppers. Telephone kiosks would sail into the air, cars be wrecked by explosions

The wheels of justice came to a stop as magistrates were bribed or intimidated, witnesses were abducted or murdered files disappeared and trials turned into riots.

The Fifth Column was efficient; the most secret orders of State were betrayed by traitors. The whole machinery of orderly administration was undermined.

★ ★ ★

This is the state of affairs which the Nazi leaders hope to create inside Germany when the Allies are in control. It is no accident that the man who was responsible for the organisation of this vast political calumny in Austria holds to-day a high office in Germany.

And it succeeded.

He is Dr. Ernst Kaltenbrunner, successor of "Killer Heydrich" as head of the S.S. Security Service, an Austrian lawyer who boasted that he himself had killed off all his personal and political enemies.

He was chief of the illegal S.S. division to which Hitler and Himmler entrusted the task of terrorising the Austrian people into surrender.

That is why we must watch Kaltenbrunner and his hand-picked assistants.

There is evidence that they are already hiding weapons; they have accumulated experience; they will have the support of a few hundred thousand incurable Nazis who will try to hide them and assist them with information, food and funds. On the other hand, they will be faced by Allied armies of occupation. If we are ready not only to occupy Germany, but root out Nazism from its hiding-holes, plans to stab us in the back will be futile.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Mood of the People in Europe

What do we know about the political mood of the people liberated or still occupied rope?

he experience of the British jourists in Brussels is a warning to all us to take nothing for granted.

ot only did they find little enthusiasm the present Belgian Government reed from exile, but even King pold seemed to be suspect.

★ ★ ★

erhaps his second marriage to a comner accounted to some extent for the ry reaction. But one might have ught that the fact that he had been ibly removed by the Germans at the inning of the Allied offensive would e made him a national hero, wiping controversial memories of his supertral attitude before the war and in days of the Nazi invasion of 1940.

egarding France, I have already nted out that only General de Gaulle went unchallenged, while the masses who had carried the burden of resistance from within were in a revolutionary and extremely critical temper and not prepared to accept all the leaders who had fought for their liberation from outside.

In Poland two rival sets of exiled representatives claim to enjoy the support of the people at home; and while the claims of the "London Poles" seem to be substantiated by the fact of the heroic rising in Warsaw, the weight of the military developments may turn the scales in favour of the "Moscow Poles."

Czechoslovak circles in London frankly admit that they may be confronted with unexpected, and not always pleasant, developments in the minds of their people at home during the past five years.

Maybe the correspondents who reach the liberated cities of Holland will have to report similar experiences as in Belgium, because people who have suffered the terror of the occupation may not accept government by those who return from a comparatively safe exile.

I leave out Greece and Yugoslavia; there we had not to wait for the actual liberation of these countries to know that the kings and their Governments were completely out of touch with the people at home.

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I also leave out Norway, because of all German-occupied countries it is the one which has been truly represented by its King Haakon and his Ministers during their exile.

One fact is certain: that the gratitude of the liberated peoples on the Continent will be general and sincere.

But they will insist on their right to decide freely about their own future

Outside interference, unless of the most tactful, is bound to produce disappointing and unpleasant results.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P.,

President, the Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Chemist shops in London are slowly recapturing something of their pre-war appearance. Bottles of bath essence, hand lotions and face creams, judiciously spaced out, make the show-cases gay.

But one would gladly wait a little longer for these luxuries if it were possible to buy a comb.

The shortage has become so acute in recent weeks that Mrs. John Bull tells me she has worn out a pair of Utility shoes in a hopeless search that took her from Mayfair hairdressers to suburban back streets.

She heard of a stall somewhere in the South-East of London where combs were on sale, but when she was told that the hawker was asking 2s. 6d. for combs that would have been regarded as poor value for 3d. in 1939 she decided to go home instead.

Dressing combs are not a frivolity, but a necessity. Yet the shopkeepers who look sour and tired when asked for a comb have ample stocks of nail polish to sell.

More combs, please, and, if must be, less fripperies.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALTER WINCHELL,

Distinguished American Journalist

DEAR MR. WINCHELL,—You are, I think, blaming the wrong man. It was not Mr. Brendan Bracken who "kept the bombing of London a secret"; that decision was made by the War Cabinet

Nor can he be blamed for "successfully concealing the fact that the ordinary Briton is offering his blood" in this war.

I agree that our censorship is often foolish. I am aware that many Americans do not realise how British airmen have frozen to their guns in the stratosphere, how British troops marched knowingly to their death in many lands, how British seamen endured the Arctic gales to convoy goods to Russia.

Though American correspondents in London have generously tried to blow our own trumpets, our authorities in Washington have been far too hesitant in making known Britain's contributions to the Allied victories.

They have, I fear, no knowledge of what the American newspapers or public really want, and it is this fact that is responsible for most of the trouble you criticise.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. S. A. FINDLAY,

Borough Engineer, Poplar

DEAR SIR,—The earnest planners of Whitehall should make a pilgrimage to Poplar. What they saw might hasten their faltering hands.

They would see temporary houses which can be built in a few weeks. The framework is of wood, and they are designed only as makeshifts until the steel Portal bungalows are ready.

Yet, in some respects, they are superior to the Portal. The living-room, for example, is 19 ft. long—a good size. The two bedrooms have heating plugs. The kitchen unit includes an electric wash-boiler and other labour-saving equipment.

I am not usually in favour of stop-gap measures. But the acute shortage of houses for bombed-out families must be relieved with the utmost speed, and I congratulate you on finding a suitable remedy.—JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal W. C. C. GELL,

Officer Commanding, Balloon Command

DEAR SIR,—Your task, I hope, will soon be done. But it must not be completed without some expression of public thanks for the years of magnificent service by the men and women in your Command.

Yes, years. It was not only against the flying-bomb that they earned our gratitude.

When our cities were ringed with fire by the *Luftwaffe's* exultant youths, they protected vital targets from low-level attack. But for them, munition factories and great offices, railway stations and aerodromes, would undoubtedly have been destroyed. And thereby were saved many small homes.

Then, when this Battle of the Bombs was over, the balloon crews seemed doomed to tedium. They were so remote from action; their difficult craft became so many ornaments in the sky; they found it hard to obtain promotion because the command had ceased to grow, and I dare say many became bored.

But they remained ready for action—and action away from the shores of Britain.

Balloon crews scrambled ashore with the assault forces on the shell-riven beaches of Salerno.

When France was invaded, one of the most essential defences and an impressive spectacle was the line of balloons across the Channel.

And then—to say nothing of such jobs as the servicing of the kites which protected our convoys—their finest hour brought new demands and inspired high courage.

His balloons downed 278 flying-bombs

By destroying 278 "doodle-bugs" they must have saved hundreds of lives and thousands of houses.

Courage was necessary because so often the bomb crashed almost on their heads. Promptness, because you were ordered to deploy five hundred balloons in eighteen days.

You did it in five days and then brought up another 1,500 balloons—some were even fetched by sea from Scapa.

And so, though your Command was for long a Forgotten Service and yourself one of the Unknown Men of the War, you have all put us in your debt. Will you accept this tribute as a small payment on account?—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

Perils of Prophecy

IN generations to come, historians will argue long and bitterly about that man Hitler. Some will assess him as a genius with a kink, others a maniac obsessed with the lust for power and utterly unscrupulous in trying to gain his ends.

Yet on one point historians will agree—Hitler's complete inability to sum up the mentality of the men he hated and of the nations he envied.

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A crowning fault, this, in a man who dreamed of world dominion; and due probably to Hitler's lack of knowledge of the men and nations he determined to conquer.

I came across a yellowing newspaper the other day dated November 7, 1938—a few weeks after Mr. Chamberlain's return from ill-starred Munich.

On November 6, Hitler, addressing a Nazi Party rally at Weimar, attacked Mr. Churchill, referred to him as "this gentleman who appears to live in the moon."

The Fuehrer branded Mr. Churchill, then out of office, as a warmonger "whose desire is to steal our weapons and to bring about again our fate of 1918. I can tell Mr. Churchill that it happened only once and that it will not happen again."

This "peace lover," as Hitler then described himself, was massing his army, navy and air force for war. Churchill knew it. Churchill's intransigence in this respect was a thorn in Hitler's side.

But I doubt if, when Churchill was dismissed as a man appearing to live in the moon, Hitler ever dreamed that this same man was destined to lead Britain towards a victory more shattering than any in history.

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Many times since November, 1938, Hitler has been revealed as a false prophet.

One of his worst blunders was in underestimating the strength and tenacity of Russia. He was guilty of the same bloomer in assessing the "decadent" British.

As an international psychologist Hitler emerges as the world's worst flop. He has proved it in word and deed.

Prophecy is dangerous. Not until a thing is sure does the wise man venture into prophetic realms. And the wise man does not employ a loose, unbridled tongue as Hitler did.

When Montgomery declared: "We will hit the enemy for a row of sixes," our best general *knew* he could do it. When Hitler said: "We will take Stalingrad—you can be sure of that," he only *thought* his troops could take the Russian bastion.

As Walpole wrote: "Prognostics do not always prove prophecies; at least, the wisest prophets make sure of the event first."

Councillor R. RICHARDS,

Eastbourne

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—Only eight of your town's 380 hotels are able to carry on their business, and I don't doubt that you have a good case in demanding Government interest-free loans to enable proprietors to renovate their hotels.

But I must point out that other types of business, ruined by war, and men who had to put up the shutters because they were conscripted for the Forces, equally deserve consideration

And any interest-free loans to hotel-keepers, who certainly have been badly hit, should be on condition that their service is made as attractive as could have been enjoyed on the Continent in pre-war days.

British catering of the 1939 standard will not attract foreign tourists in 194[5]. And we shall need those tourists badly.—JOHN BULL.

The CITY COUNCILLORS,

Newcastle-on-Tyne

GENTLEMEN,—Youth is to have its fling. Though octogenarians still cling to their seats in Parliament, the young men who have saved the world by defeating Hitler are to be allowed to swank the affairs of their home town.

That, I suppose, is the significance of your resolution that no man of seventy-five or more should become chairman of any of your committees.

I hope it will not be considered too revolutionary in other parts of the kingdom. As Pitt became Prime Minister at twenty-four, I should not be shocked if men of double that age were, nowadays, considered old enough to be responsible for a town's parks or sewage system.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, O.M.

Dorking

DEAR SIR,—As you have long been regarded as our greatest living composer and the unofficial "Laureate of British Music," it is appropriate that you have written an anthem to celebrate our approaching victory.

Sir Adrian Boult, who has seen the score, evidently considers it to be among your best work, and when it is played I hope to be among its hearers.

Meanwhile, I can congratulate you on your foresight, for the anthem was written a year ago. Well, the good artist is always ahead of his time.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. E. DANCE,

The Ministry of Education

DEAR SIR,—The young are more likely to be interested in scenes on the cinema screen than in diagrams on the blackboard, to be fascinated by films of foreign travel rather than by dull texts books on geography. The film, indeed could become the most effective medium of education the world has ever known.

And it is an excellent augury for the future that you have four films in preparation for school use.

There has already been an official suggestion that every new school should be planned with provision for the showing of films. I should like thousands of people to be engaged, when war is done on making enough equipment for the *existing* schools to be "wired for sound."

In other words, I want the young people of to-day to be so stimulated by full use of their minds that ignorance and stupidity will be abolished. It's not an utterly impossible ideal, do you think?—JOHN BULL.

War Time Town for Peace Time Living

★How a go-ahead rural district council turned a tiny village into a modern town of 10,000 inhabitants is described by

MARK PRIESTLEY

Lovely to look at—and there's no reason for more modern villages to be ugly!

ALL too often we hear only of rural council muddles. This time let's give credit where it's overdue!

This is the story of four rural district councillors—far-visioned representatives of Donnington, in Shropshire.

One is a licensed victualler, another a coal-merchant's charge-hand. Two are farmers. Their chairman is the vicar.

While committees have been arguing, and contractors have been saying that cheap houses can't be built, these villagers have gone quietly ahead and built themselves—under war time conditions—a township that exemplifies all the principles of imaginative planning.

I have toured the broad concrete roads of New Donnington with their grass verges, glowing gardens and fine open squares for the children. All the houses are architect designed, two-storeyed and solidly built of bricks and mortar.

I went into one of the three-bedroomed houses—let at 13s. 7d. a week, rates included—and Mrs. Margaret Bannister proudly showed me her tiled bathroom, her airy lounge with its french window and grainwood flooring, and the labour-saving devices, including constant hot water, in the kitchen.

I was shown some four-bedroomed houses built last year for under £1,000, and let to-day at 17s. 9d. a week. I visited the modern shopping centre and George Drew, the greengrocer, drew my attention to the pastel-tiled walls and the sloping marble display counters.

A Young Architect

The council's problems began as soon as it was announced that a big war factory was to be built in the neighbourhood—and that the hamlet of 400 inhabitants would be turned into a town of 10,000.

They looked at the first building sites—partly treeless farming land and partly a tangle of scrappy buildings and disused colliery tips. They could have built a shanty town.

Instead, the local vicar, the Rev. Albert Turreff, realised that the factories had come to stay—and he pleaded for something more than cinder paths and comfortless barracks.

His enthusiasm was catching. Soon the councillors were discussing a planned community with nursery and senior schools, a cinema, a clinic, a hotel with restaurant and bar, as well as a community theatre.

They chose church sites, parks and tennis courts—and in the heart they planned the institute and club buildings.

The cost alone might have stopped even more important authorities. But money was borrowed with Government consent, and the financial officer, Mr. Brough, told me that the town will have paid for itself in thirty years.

Accustomed to thinking hard before spending, the council was more than a match for land speculators. They bought at £99 an acre, and, thanks to shrewd selling of controlled sites on the outskirts for industrial development, they have since reduced this price to £33 per acre.

The nearest urban district council wanted them to rent makeshift offices in an old house. Instead, at less cost, they built a place of their own—and to-day they have some of the finest rural district council offices in Britain.

They employed a modern young architect, Brian Cooper. They offered him a free hand, a chance to show what he could do.

They refused to be discouraged by shortages of labour or materials. They built the first houses with pitched roofs and gracious Regency doorways. But their timber ran out, except for a stock of doors and shelving.

The architect gave the next houses flat roofs, and mixed the designs to dispel the box-like effect. He built floors and stairways of concrete, and covered the floors with plastics. At one time there was not even enough wood for window frames, so he set steel-framed windows direct into concrete.

No wood was available for fences, so they planted hedges. And now the townsfolk say they'll never want fences, anyway!

New Gardens

There is nothing mass-produced or ugly about New Donnington. Even the bricks were made locally—and to save transport all the bathroom fittings, grates and other items were produced within a six-mile radius.

To-day you can ride with the vicar down Turreff Avenue—the thoroughfare which they have named in his honour.

You can stroll along curving streets and talk to the tenants—some of whom have never had gardens before—about their prize marrows. They have had West End stars and shows at the local theatre. And there is a Tenants' Association to talk with the rural district council about any problems

Last year, for instance, some of the tenants were falling behind with their rent because they had to walk a long way to pay it. A rent office on the site soon settled that.

The french windows in the houses had large panes of glass reaching to the floor. It was found that children had a knack of walking right through them! Happily, they were usually unhurt—but the french windows in the next 150 houses will have smaller panes.

For the village councillors are going to build more homes as soon as the Government gives them the word. They are hoping to equip every existing house with a shed for prams and bicycles, with still cheaper electricity, and perhaps still better equipment.

Daylight—All Through the Night

● The partial lifting of the blackout has come at a time when revolutionary changes in lighting are occupying the full attention of experts and manufacturers. Lamps in the homes, factories and streets of to-morrow will far exceed in beauty and efficiency any that have gone before.

★ ★ ★

Most important and useful will be fluorescent lamps which give a light that is the same as daylight.

Any woman knows the difficulty of matching materials by artificial light, and that "make-up" which appears natural in daylight looks different at night. With fluorescent daylight lamps colours retain their natural appearance.

With these lamps, the manufacturer can vary the type of light emitted. By varying the constituents of the chemical coating which provides the light, he can produce an exact imitation of daylight—an imitation which is more restful than daylight for some types of work or in particular conditions.

These new lamps do not consist of heated filaments. The light comes from chemicals which glow or fluoresce under the influence of an electric discharge in mercury vapour. Instead of being bulb shaped, they are narrow tubes about 5 ft. long. Because the light comes from a large surface, it is comparatively shadowless.

Fluorescent lighting is going to save eye-strain in factories, offices and homes, bringing light to dark corners and making workrooms more cheerful. Incidentally, these lamps are far more economical.

One remarkable new lamp is now being used for military purposes. It is a tiny lamp about an inch long that will burn for six months on a halfpenny-worth of electricity. After the war it will probably be used for lighting such places as steps and cupboards.

★ ★ ★

Lamps to-morrow will be used for decoration as well as utility. The conventional hanging light in rooms will probably disappear in favour of built-in lighting panels built in the walls or ceiling.

It will be possible to have table and standard lamps that require no trailing wires. They will glow in response to high-frequency waves transmitted by units concealed in the wall. You will be able to carry these lamps about in the room without the light being affected. No lamp-holder will be necessary. It will be possible to have simply a glowing sphere, and artists, no doubt, will develop these lamps into decorative forms.

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Street lighting will give illumination nearly as bright as daylight. Giant lamps will make it possible to give daylight illumination to sports grounds, and perhaps, in the future, it will be usual for football matches to take place at night.

Indoors it will be possible to give not only the appearance of sunlight, but also the health-giving rays that make sunbathing popular. The long winter months may be relieved by a holiday at an indoor "seaside resort"!

With "daylight" lighting in the house there need be little difference between night and day. A device now makes it possible for the artificial light in a room to be automatically turned up gradually as the daylight fades or is lessened by cloud or fog.

T. S. DOUGLAS.

Invasion—What It Means

THE invasion of Germany is a momentous fact. It is much more than the beginning of the end of the war. What that end will be we know: but when the "Cease Fire" will be sounded all over Europe we do not know.

It may not be sounded at all. The war may simply peter out. For the gang of criminals who are now literally fighting for their lives have resolved that if they perish Germany shall perish with them.

Their declared purpose is to lay their country waste before the invaders and to turn it into a volcano of ruin in which Europe itself will perish.

The criminals are confirmed in this desperate resolve by the growing evidence that their personal survival is doomed.

Following the example of Sweden, the neutral countries are plugging all the ways of escape open to the gangsters. There is no place of refuge for them in all Europe, and outside Europe what country is there that would dare offer them sanctuary?

In these circumstances they are determined to scuttle the ship. It is the sort of Wagnerian apotheosis that appeals to the crazy imagination of Hitler.

But though the "Cease Fire" signal may not be sounded, the war is, for all practical purposes, over. *The complete rout of the German armies in the West has settled that, and the invasion of Germany itself proclaims it beyond question.*

* * *

For it is the fact of invasion that makes the event momentous. It means the destruction of the whole philosophy on which German policy has been founded.

The key-note of that philosophy is that the Germans are the master-race of mankind. "Deutschland über alles" has been no mere jingo bounce. It has been a religion, a national, all absorbing ideal.

Under Bismarck it aimed at the hegemony of Europe. Under the Kaiser it aimed at the hegemony of Europe and of the sea. Under Hitler it aimed at universal empire.

Its claim to supremacy rested on one thing—martial prowess. By superior force, and by superior force only, it was destined to conquer the earth. All its policy was directed to the fulfilment of that destiny. War was its supreme industry and "preventive war" was its method.

That method enabled Germany to spring on her intended victim at her own time. Above all, it enabled her to fight always on her victim's territory. Win or lose, her victim must always bear the burden of the war.

In no circumstances was the Fatherland ever to be invaded. Its soil was sacrosanct. German arms were unbeatable; German soil was inviolable.

That was the legend. Bismarck expressed it in his three wars with success. The Kaiser exploited it in the last war—and failed. Hitler exploited it in this war, and has also failed.

* * *

But the legend survived the last war. It survived because Germany was not then invaded. When defeat was imminent Ludendorff commanded the Reichstag to make peace. And peace was made.

There was no invasion. No drop of German blood was spilled on German soil. No German city was blasted by war. The inviolability of Germany was maintained. And with it one half of the legend was preserved.

From this fact came dire consequences. Germany had not been invaded: therefore, Germany had not been beaten. She had been betrayed. Her army had been stabbed in the back at home. Confronted with a foreign foe, it was still unbeaten, still unbeatable.

And on these twin facts, the inviolability of German soil and the invincibility of German arms, Hitler and his gangsters restored the legend of the master race destined "by Providence" to possess the earth.

* * *

With the invasion of Germany in force the legend, we may hope, is stone dead. The brutal realities of war are being drilled into the minds of the German people in unforgettable characters.

They see their cities shattered as they have shattered the cities of their victims in the past. They see their soil trodden by the conquering armies of their enemy.

They see their own armies, beaten and battered, fleeing back from all quarters of Europe to seek refuge in the devastated homeland. They see the whole edifice of the master race toppling to the dust.

They see themselves hated as no people have ever been hated on earth before. They see all Europe rising in wrath to avenge the reign of terror, the massacres, the plunder, the tortures, that this criminal race has brought upon it—not once, nor twice, but five times in living memory.

And they see themselves—men and women, old and young—driven out under the lash of the Gestapo to dig trenches to impede the enemy they have outraged and lay waste their Fatherland to save the foul deity they have worshipped.

* * *

This is the hour of reckoning. It will be enforced up to the hilt this time. It is going to be branded into the soul of Germany in terms that will last, as Hitler would say, "for a thousand years." The truth that man is free and will never tolerate a tyrant or enslavement to a "master race" is going to be learned in the school of stern retribution.

An impression of A. G. G. drawn by George Whitelaw

The invasion of Germany is much more than the closing operation of the war. It is the demonstration of the world against the whole gospel of war, executed in the sacred temple of that gospel.

It is the first necessary step in the conversion of Germany from its barbaric creed to the acceptance of the rules of civilised life.

We are all agreed that the re-education of Germany is the most urgent and formidable task in the establishment of a peaceful and stable world. It can only be accomplished

THESE BOOKS MAKE NEWS:

BRANCH STREET is only a three-penny ride from Piccadilly. Yet it is a street where the police never attempt to go. A street of grey tenements without a trace of garden back or front.

There is a sordid atmosphere about the place, but it is not the atmosphere which has broken the spirit of endless welfare workers. It is the children.

A short time ago they numbered roughly a hundred. They were dead-end kids in the worst sense of the term—vicious, cynical young gangsters.

★ ★ ★

Then Mrs. Marie Paneth began to take an interest in them. She drove up one evening when the harsh lines of the streets were shrouded in the dusk, and saw for the first time the shouting, pushing mob of—you could hardly call them children. In many ways they were prematurely old.

Mrs. Paneth brought with her a load of materials for drawing and painting. She squeezed her way through the mêlée into the disused air-raid shelter.

That very first night they ran amok. The paints were used as projectiles to shoot at her.

Dirty wet canvas hit Mrs Paneth in the face. Her helpers tried to intervene. It was useless. So soon as one ringleader was thrust out of one entrance, a second entered another entrance.

They were spitting now and hitting out with their fists. They were bawling filthy insults. . . . They had their own harsh world, but at l... own, and they did not ...

It seemed pretty h... Paneth stood her gro... There was violence ... which threatened terr... but Mrs. Paneth saw s... night, too. . . .

She went to work ... attempt to impose an... beginning. She let th... refused to be upset ... did. They broke fu... windows, stole and lie...

But Mrs. Paneth h... which did not immedi... pline by force. She ... operation. She had s... families and found a ... problem of their ga... Their families were v... usually lived jammed ... two rooms.

They slept three o... the same bed. Som... under the bed when ... drunk, sometimes aga... from school to find ... born in their bed, a b... to share that night ... mother, their elder ... married.

One thing was obv... terrible squalor.

For a very brief s... the mother's full lo... Then other children ... The earlier child w... into the background, ... to accept responsibili... age.

By A. G. Gardiner

y a conviction that blackguardism doesn't ay. It doesn't pay in social life, and it isn't oing to pay in international life.

The forces of decency in the world may e caught sleeping for a time, but in the end hey will always be more than a match for he gangsters, whether of the Al Capone or he Hitler-Mussolini brand.

And the invasion of Germany will be the isible witness of the certainty of the punishnent that awaits the criminals.

* * *

It is a good omen that the first troops to nvade the soil of Germany and destroy the egend of her inviolability were Americans.

They are in Germany not as participants n any European quarrel. They are there ecause civilisation is the common heritage f mankind all over the earth and because angsterism is its common enemy.

They are there to destroy the rule of rute force in the world and to substitute the ule of law and justice.

The invasion of Germany will be an istoric landmark in that great transition. he penalties it brings on Germany for her rimes will be stern. But they will be just.

Their purpose will be to cut out the ancer of vainglorious militarism that has een the curse of Europe for eighty years. When that is done Germany, purged of its rimes, will not be denied its place in a new World Order that outlaws war and recogises no "master race."

BUT IT WILL NOT BE AN ENVIABLE THING TO BE A GERMAN IN ANY LAND WHILE THE MEMORY OF THESE DREADFUL YEARS OF THE GREAT TERROR REMAINS.

No Snap Election!

Swaffer Talking

CAN it really be true that the Tories, directly the war looks like ending, will force Churchill to decide on a sudden election?

If so, it will be a scandal!

Last time the "coupon election" was rushed a month after the Armistice—and we know with what result.

Now no one is ready.

And in many parts of the Services there is such apathy that, even after a three weeks' cultural course of lectures on foreign and general affairs, only 40 per cent. of one class of Naval Air Arm cadets troubled to register as voters!

The lecturer had to plead with them to realise their responsibilities.

ACTING FAMILY'S ROMANCE

Do you remember Dame May Whitty, who for so long was almost the last stalwart of the Actors' Association?

And do you remember Ben Webster, grandson of Benjamin Webster, the actor-manager, and himself one of a long line of English players?

I have known them, before Actors' Equity was formed, have to go along to Bow Street on a Saturday night to complain that the West End company in which they were acting had not been paid!

Well, some years ago, they took their daughter, Margaret Webster, to America, where Dame May is "on the films."

Carol of Rumania ran away with millions and Madame Lupescu

Now, Margaret has become famous as a Theatre Guild producer—of Shakespeare and Chekov plays billed as "The Margaret Webster Production."

DOES TOMMY HUNT?

"In order to keep the herd within bounds," the agricultural authorities have given the Quantock Staghounds leave to hunt two days a week.

In announcing this, the organisers plead to "farmers and others residing within the limits of the Hunt" for flesh for the hounds, saying "Before selling your flesh elsewhere, dead or alive, please give the huntsman a ring."

Then, they say, "when the fellows come back after doing their bit they can again enjoy a day's hunting."

It would be interesting to know how many of "the fellows," even with the chance, would desire the doubtful enjoyment of chasing a stag until the poor animal was too exhausted to move.

The district of Somersetshire, in which the appeal was circulated, although now comparatively prosperous, was, in pre-war days, the home of thousands of unemployed.

HISTORY—SINCE 1936

Finding, by chance, the copy of the elaborate official programme they gave me at King George V's funeral, I came across some strange names among the mourners.

Of the six kings present, Edward of Britain has abdicated; Carol of Rumania has run away, with £2,000,000—and Madame Lupescu—to Mexico; Boris of Bulgaria has died, a victim of his Axis treachery, and Leopold of the Belgians is considered either a hero or a traitor to his Allies by rival groups.

Although it was less than nine years ago, only two monarchs remain as they were—Haakon of Norway, who will soon be back on his throne, and Christian of Denmark, who, defying the Germans in Copenhagen, proudly wears a Jewish star. Even he, though, was described as "King of Denmark and Iceland." Now, Iceland has declared its independence.

CROCODILE TEARS

Then, the programme reminds me, I saw other people in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Prince Paul, who represented the country over which he was Regent, handed over Jugo-Slavia to the Germans, despite the peasantry, who afterwards saved it. Yet, after being fêted in Kenya, he recently had lunch with Smuts in Johannesburg.

Flandin, now in compulsory seclusion in his villa between Algiers and Tunis, Pétain and Jean Chiappe represented France!

General Sosnkowski, now the chief cause of the trouble among the Poles, and—yes!—Mannerheim were not far from our Royal Family. And Germany was represented, not only by Prince Frederick of Prussia, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the Grand Duke of Hesse, but General von Rundstedt!

BIG-MONEY BETTING

So heavy is betting—chiefly in untaxed Treasury notes and fivers—that even the Jubilee Plunger would scarce be noticed in Tattersall's Ring nowadays.

About the time France collapsed a man came here from Paris with a few francs and obtained a menial job in a West End restaurant.

Then called—as he still is—"The Bottle Washer," he got a job as a croupier, hired so as to add a Continental touch to a travelling roulette outfit that paid £100 for a one night's renting of a house, and commission to hard-up "swells" who brought along the customers.

Having saved his rake-off, "The Bottle Washer" became a professional gambler, often putting £2,000 on a horse.

In three years he has made £100,000—and now plans to take it to France, for large-scale gambling on the Riviera!

Then, at a recent Windsor meeting, a woman lost £28,000—in one afternoon!

ANTI-RUSSIANS STILL

Lord Strabolgi tells me of how Diehards, some semi-Fascists, have used the Warsaw tragedy as an excuse for a new whispering campaign against Moscow.

"Don't you realise that, but for Russia, there would be no invasion?" he asked one. "And, frankly, do you really want to create a situation out of which, in a few years, there might even develop a war with Russia?"

Then there was silence

BY THE BIRD FANCIER

An Army cadet, facing an Intelligence test, was told to find a bird within five minutes and return with it to the examiner.

"Any kind of a bird?" he asked, desperately.

"Yes, any kind of a bird," he was assured.

In four minutes, he returned dragging by the hair—an angry Wren!

Isn't Far From Piccadilly

t was their interference. s, but Mrs. nd watched. e, violence onsequences, ing else that

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ch baby got d attention. to appear. only forced ad suddenly beyond its

At the age of eight they took full adult responsibilities. The mother's affection for them shifted to the younger children.

They had never had a warm, cosy childhood where they were the centre of attention. They had missed a vital stage in their development. And now she hoped to replace that, in part, by letting them run wild for a time.

★ ★ ★

Then, one night, after many vain attempts, she succeeded in talking to some of them, and actually got them to admit that they would like to "do" a play. It was some measure of their grey lives that they chose—*Christmas Day in the Mortuary.*

There followed some devastating ups and downs. One evening they seemed to respond to her. The next they would go to any lengths to get rid of her. Sometimes they came prepared to "give her hell."

Gradually the first stage of wild abandon began to quieten. Some of the girls began to look hurt when the boys "went for her." Once in the middle of an attack on her, one of the boys shouted, "Nobody can help where he's born. She can't help where she's born. Let's all stick up for her. . . . I'll stick up for her. . . ."

Then she told them about her plans for the House. The Borough Council was to give it rent and rates free. It was to be their own house, and they took a deep interest when it came to choosing the librarian, the cleaning squad and the clerk.

She had always left them to make up their own minds as far as possible, but to-night, for the first time, they said, "Why don't *you* make up your mind?" They were beginning to feel the need for order somewhere.

In the end it did not quite work out according to Mrs. Paneth's plan. There were other members of her organisation who could not agree with her methods. She wanted the children to clean and scrub the house, to administer it themselves. . . . "Then it would have been their house. . . . It's not their house now, or only in small degree. . . ."

The House did materialise and was looked upon as a great achievement, even though it was run by adults. It was a condemned house. All the houses in Branch Street are condemned. But it held out big promise for them.

In her book *Branch Street*, just published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., at 6s., Mrs. Paneth sets down the whole story of her remarkable experiment amongst the "gangster kids." It is one of the most impressive social documents which has appeared for a long time, and although her restrained writing makes it difficult to measure her success clearly, she did succeed in one particular way.

They were not little Lord Fauntleroys when she had finished with them. On the contrary, it was difficult to find much difference in their outward behaviour. But they had caught a glimpse of a different way of life, a way of life where everything was not against them. Branch Street had, in a very small way, begun again.

VINCENT BROME.

SEAMEN LEFT HIGH AND DRY

THE courage of Britain's merchant seamen can never be too highly praised; their war exploits will live in history.

Peace time hazards at sea were bad enough, and they were rewarded by low wages, bad food, worse sanitary arrangements and almost unendurable hours.

Until their Union (the National Union of Seamen) won a long and bitter battle against vested interests for better conditions, men were more often than not herded like cattle in what have been aptly described as "convict quarters."

But much yet has to be done for the welfare of our merchant seamen.

"We are not through yet," says Charles Jarman, the Union's secretary. "We never intend to revert to pre-war conditions when peace is won.

"Although we have succeeded in getting better wages, greatly improved conditions, increased compensation for accidents, and lots of other things, we've got many obstacles to overcome when the war is over."

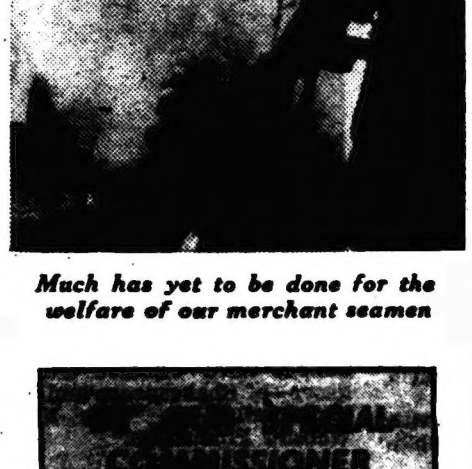
Judging by an inspiring pamphlet issued a few months ago by the Ministry of War Transport, I was inclined to think that greater official support would be given to the Union's efforts in the future.

Entitled "Merchant Navy," it suggested that all would be plain sailing.

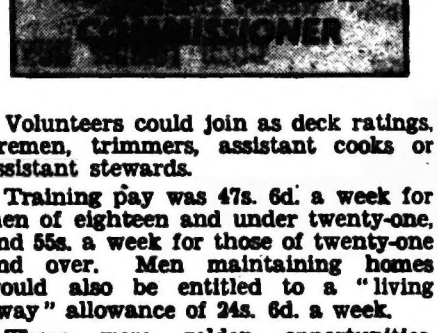
The main aim of the scheme it propounded was to ensure that youths who joined the Merchant Navy would in future be trained as ready-made sailors before joining a ship with a guaranteed wage.

INSPIRING PROGRAMME

By arrangement with the Shipping Federation, the Ministry had started a training scheme under which all volunteers aged eighteen and over would be given special tuition before being posted to a ship.



Much has yet to be done for the welfare of our merchant seamen



Volunteers could join as deck ratings, firemen, trimmers, assistant cooks or assistant stewards.

Training pay was 47s. 6d. a week for men of eighteen and under twenty-one, and 55s. a week for those of twenty-one and over. Men maintaining homes would also be entitled to a "living away" allowance of 24s. 6d. a week.

There were golden opportunities. Successful men, by passing further examinations as time went on, could become officers with a fine mercantile career before them. . . .

This inspiring programme attracted many volunteers. But it hardly seems to have been fulfilled in the North Country, judging from complaints JOHN BULL has received and from my own investigations.

A Leeds man, of good education and more than average intelligence, was so captivated by the scheme that he threw up a lucrative job in the Post Office Telephone Service to volunteer as a fireman.

SIX IN A ROOM

At Leeds employment exchange, he was given a voucher with instructions to report to the Merchant Navy Reserve Pool Office at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The voucher stated that he was entitled to travelling allowance, and he was told to pay his own fare to Newcastle and collect it there.

Leaving his wife and child, he went to Newcastle. But upon arrival there, he did not receive refundment of the travelling expenses he had naturally expected would be paid.

A little puzzled, he reported to the Merchant Navy Training School, which is near the quayside. There he found some twenty new firemen trainees; with arrivals and passers-out, there are usually about sixty volunteers during every period of training—*which lasts three weeks*!

The trainees have to pay their own board and lodging, which is "fixed" at 28s. a week, but the Leeds man did not like the billet to which he was sent.

From what he saw in its neighbourhood, he decided to find his own accommodation.

The other new arrivals, feeling they were under some kind of official obligation to carry out the instructions given, went to the recommended addresses.

They were lodged in small houses. In some, as many as fourteen and sixteen men were staying; in one, six men had to sleep in one room!

These landladies were doing well, surely, at 28s. a time?

Yet, after a day or two, some of them asked the men for an extra 2s. each, and I have reported to the proper authorities certain disquieting statements made by the men about this.

After training had started, an official explained to the new recruits that as three weeks was a short time in which to teach them so much, a special "unofficial" evening class had been arranged for a fee of half-a-crown a week.

Attendance was optional, but the men were naturally very anxious to pass the examination and most of them attended—and paid.

So, each Friday, after they had received their training pay, they were led to the stokehold and there handed over their two-and-sixpences to a man who ticked their names off a list.

That there was something *very unofficial* about this "Evening Class" became clear to me when I called on the Newcastle-on-Tyne Shipping Federation.

Senior officials, to whom I gave details of all the numerous complaints, at once said they knew of no evening class being held or money paid for private tuition!

PAYMENT MUDDLE

Incidentally, the men's pay seems to have been badly muddled. For example, the recruit from Leeds should have received (with "living away" allowance) £3 19s. 6d. on the first Friday after his arrival; actually, he was paid £1 17s. 5d.!

The "living-away" allowance of 24s. 6d. had not then come through.

Out of this he was expected to pay his board and lodgings, send his wife and child their allowance, and enjoy one or two little luxuries with the remainder!

Is it surprising that younger, single men—some with mothers dependent on them for help towards the family budget—were soon "scrounging" for cigarettes without a halfpenny in their pockets?

The three weeks ended. The now newly fledged merchant seamen were given railway vouchers, and a book of clothing coupons, out of which a number had already been cut for certain equipment they were to take with them when posted to a ship.

Sent off on a week's leave, they were told to report to the Merchant Navy Reserve Pool nearest their homes.

Before they left they went to the store-room for their equipment, and many found there were no boots to fit them, and only one pair of overalls instead of two.

WAITING FOR A SHIP

The Leeds man duly reported to his Pool and went home. He heard nothing for weeks—and received no pay at all! Not a word from anyone, not a hint how he could keep himself, wife and child on nothing.

"Fortunately," he writes to me, "we do not have any immediate worry on that score. But there are other married men, some with more than one child, and if *they* are treated like this, God help them!"

That was a month ago. To-day, he is still at home, still waiting for a ship. And so are most of the others who attended the same course.

About the actual training I will say nothing—I am not competent to judge whether it was useful or not.

But it would take a lot to convince me that three weeks' training is sufficient to ensure, under this "Merchant Navy" scheme, that a merchant seaman can in future go to sea with anything worth the name of "training" if these sort of conditions are general.

German Surrendered in Mid-Air

HERE is the story of something new in air battles—after five years of war.

Not far from the village of Bernay, a German fighter pilot made the twelfth victory for a Canadian, Flight-Lieutenant Irving P. Kennedy.

Kennedy, who has the D.F.C. and comes from Ontario, is one of the top scorers of a Canadian Spitfire squadron.

★ ★ ★

He was returning to base one evening with several other 'planes, after dive-bombing a bridge, when the Germans laid an ambush for them.

Thirty Me. 109's suddenly swooped out of the clouds with the setting sun at their backs.

This time, with the odds five to one in their favour, the Germans were going to fight. But the Canadians had kept their eyes skinned. In a split second they jumped to action.

Kennedy and his particular partner, Flying-Officer W. T. Klersy, of Toronto, rolled over and away to come up under a section of five of the Me's. They roared into the attack head on.

Kennedy saw his comrade's cannon shells tearing into the "Jerry" he had chosen. The Me. he himself had chosen was almost on the wires of his sights.

Here is his own story of what happened after that:

He wasn't a very experienced fellow, and I got him where I wanted him. I was coming down fast on his tail. I said to myself. "Here's curtains for you!" and pressed the button.

Nothing happened. My cannons were out. I believe they had run dry of ammunition just before I put a pattern on him with my machine-guns.

Anyway, my machine-guns were blazing and I must have put the fear of the Lord into him. It lasted one very brief burst for—as I expected—my machine-gun ammunition gave out, too.

I was just about as useful then as a blind man in a bath chair. All I could do was get away as fast as I could. But something about the way this "Jerry" was flying made me stick around and watch.

He was not using fighting tactics. He wasn't doing anything except scoot like a scalded cat, and I had an idea then he was too scared to fight.

I sheered off and came in at a terrific bat as if I was going to blast him out of the sky. Just before the blast should have hit him I pulled out and had another good look.

He hadn't done a thing, so I sheered off and came in at him again. Two passes, and still he had his head down and his tail between his legs, batting for home like hell, and scared out of his wits.

It was then I thought: "Well, he doesn't know you're as harmless as a kitten round him! Let's try something."

I flew alongside and for some time I could only see the hunch of his shoulders. Then he shot his head up and looked round.

★ ★ ★

Boy, was he scared to see me not fifty yards away! He goggled at me for a moment, then he began to wave his hands. Showing me he had his hands off any firing buttons, or such, I suppose.

I pointed down and—still without moving his hands—he nodded his head. I pointed down again and he took his hands down to push the nose of his Me. down.

Down he went and I followed him.

I circled at 500 ft. and saw him make a hell of a flop crash landing in a field of wheat. A wing bounced off and somersaulted through the air. What happened to him after that I don't know.

By the rules of the game he should have been my prisoner of war. I should have brought him in. But no one's ever told me yet how one fighter pilot can bring in another who is holding up his hands.

They tell me it's never happened before, and that I have to be content with writing his machine off.

If I had been able to bring him in I should have liked to tell him that I'd run out of ammo, just to see what he would have looked like. . . .

★ ★ ★

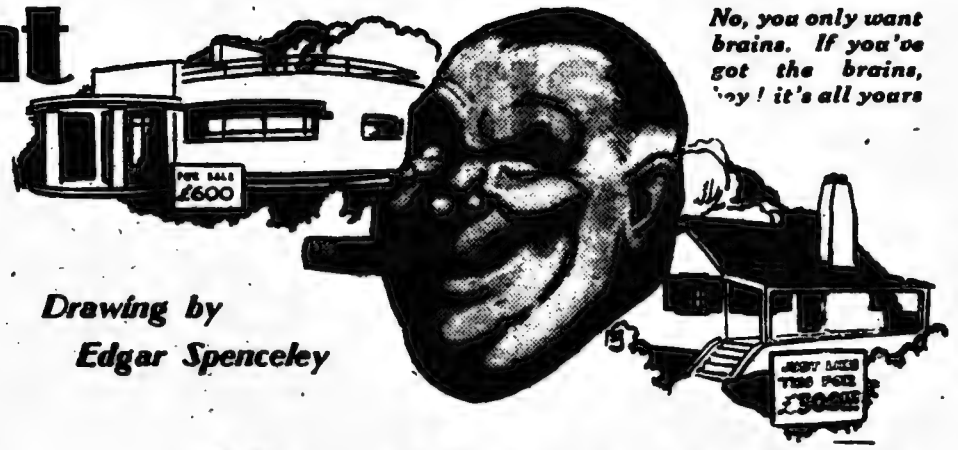
After watching his adversary crash land, Flight-Lieutenant Kennedy climbed up to see how the fight was going far above the clouds. None of the Canadian machines was lost in the ambush, but some were shot up.

Klersy's Me. 109 flew into pieces with the first burst that Kennedy had seen him pour in. Burning fragments showered down over Kennedy, but he never saw them.

These two Me's were the only casualties of the battle, for with their formation broken up, in spite of the heavy odds in their favour, the Germans did not wait.

B. L. JACOT.

You Only Want Brains



No, you only want brains. If you've got the brains, boy! it's all yours

Drawing by Edgar Spenceley

SHORT STORY By WILL SCOTT

JUST one thing you want on this earth (said the man who was fond of his own voice): brains. With brains, you can come in first every time. Without brains, you can save yourself the trouble of putting your name down.

Mind, I say brains, not talent. It ain't the same thing, by any means. You can have all the talent you like, it won't make any difference. You've got to have brains.

I mean, look at me. I never had any talent. I was a perfect mug at school. They couldn't drive it in with a hammer. If they tried once they tried a thousand times to make me learn what stood on the board, and how many ninety-nines there are in a million and fifty-two. But it wasn't no good. I never won a race or scored sixty.

You need talent for that sort of tripe, and talent's what I never had any of.

But brains! I was always the one to think of the way to get up and shove the school clock on half an hour. I was always the one to think out how to get the old boy's apples from over the high fence at the end.

Mind, I never had to get up to the clock, or over the high fence. Not myself. I always found some boy with the necessary talent to do that. And you always *can*.

So that when they handed out the good hidings I never managed to get one, somehow. I hadn't the talent.

No, you only want brains. If you've got the brains, boy! it's all yours.

Take this house of mine. I mean, where would you find a better house? Look at it! Perfect picture—built to last a thousand years; lovely garden—four acres. Place to be proud of, eh? Yet I started from scratch, like all the other boys of my time. But I'm here, and they're still at scratch.

I could tell you some tales.

You know that big new estate down at . . . Well, no names, no summonses. A big new estate in the country. Used to be all fields when we was boys. Then it got cut up for houses; hundreds of acres. A chap in the building line, J. Simmerton, went down there to develop it. Pretty clever builder. Oodles of talent, but no brains. Opened up an office on this estate and started to build bungalows. Darn fine bungalows, too, at the price. Six hundred pounds. And worth every penny.

Only J. Simmerton didn't have the brains. He only had the talent.

He had the idea that if you want to sell bungalows for six hundred pounds all you've got to do is put up bungalows worth six hundred pounds. I tell you, you can't stop 'em being born. It's always happening.

ONE thing against 'em was where they were, because people in them days hadn't got used to living miles from anywhere, like they do now. J. Simmerton used to advertise these bungalows, but nobody much went down to look at 'em, so what was the use?

I went down to look at 'em, and I found like what I've been telling you. Talent's all bunk. You've got to have what it wants, and it don't want talent.

So I bought a spot of this land and I went in for shoving up a few bungalows myself. Not in the same class as J. Simmerton's. I mean, I didn't know enough about the caper to set up as a sort of rival. I just called a builder in and said, "Shove me up a few bungalows, will you? To sell at three hundred."

"Three hundred," said this builder. "It won't be much of a job to sell at three hundred."

"I don't expect much of a job to sell at three hundred," I said.

"Walls 'll be as thin as paper," says this builder.

"I expect they will," said I.

And he looked as if he thought I was going mad.

"The roof 'll leak in no time," says he.

And I told him that was the style.

However, he saw I meant what I said, and he got on with it. He shoved up four of these bungalows to start with, and when he'd got 'em finished I began to advertise.

You know the sort of advertisement: "Come and live with Nature." "Fresh air in your lungs at last." "Don't bring your kids up like you were brought up." With a picture of one of the bungalows—prettied up a bit—right across it, and the words at the top: "Just Like This For £300!!!"

Well, that fetched 'em. Because even if they hadn't got used to living miles from anywhere in them days they'd have lived round at the back of the map for three hundred quid. Nobody'd ever heard of anything like it.

Oh, yes, it fetched 'em.

They came out, they said "Oh! How sweet! All for three hundred pounds!" and they snapped up these little bungalows of mine. And I had to start building some more.

Well, not all of 'em snapped 'em up. Some of 'em said, "Yes, very nice. Very good for three hundred. But——" And being there, they had a look round first before making up their minds.

And when they did make up their minds it was generally to buy one of J. Simmerton's six hundred pound bungalows. Because they *were* value for money, you can take it from me. That boy did know how to build. He hadn't got the brains of a louse, but he could shove up houses.

Well, before very long they were coming down in droves and droves to look at these three hundred pound hutches of mine. It was the advertising did it.

So they took days off like billy-o and came down to look at my hutches. And some of 'em bought em, like I said. But most of 'em bought J. Simmerton's at twice the price.

And J. Simmerton started strutting about like the only cock bird in the barnyard.

He strutted himself down to my office one evening and stood smirking at my little hutches.

"Not selling so well?" he said.

"Selling pretty lousy," I admitted. "But the idea does fetch 'em."

"Idea!" says he, sniffing, and you could see what he thought of ideas. "What's the good of fetching 'em if all they do is come up the hill and buy mine?"

"Still," said I, "you've got to *have* ideas."

"You've got to know how to produce the article," says J. Simmerton. And he pointed at one of my hutches and he says: "*Them* isn't the article."

"I should think," said I, "that these bungs of mine will fall to bits in ten years."

"Why do you put 'em up?" he says.

"Ah!" said I. "But they're such a washout I think I shall stop putting 'em up."

"Ah!" says he. And he gives such a crafty smile, the poor wump.

Anyway, I gave my little three hundred pounders a rest for a spell and I sat back to see what happened.

And all kinds of things happened.

FOR instance, one of the bungs I'd put up pretty near fell to bits in a gale we had, and the owner, after going into what it would cost to put it right with the builder bloke, first of all went on the soak for a couple of nights and then decided to cut his losses and buy a real place up the hill from J. Simmerton.

Another thing that happened was that people who'd bought my hutches for me stopped speaking to me altogether.

But the best thing that happened was that the rush seemed to be over as far as J. Simmerton was concerned. They weren't coming out any more. Nothing was fetching em, you see.

J. Simmerton advertised his six-hundreders as hard as he could go, but it didn't fetch 'em now any more than it had fetched 'em before.

It was the ads for my little hutches that had fetched 'em. "Just Like This For £300!!!" When they saw 'em you could tell that they wouldn't be found dead in 'em.

But the ads fetched 'em.

YOU know the line—the old auctioneer's gag. Would he sell watches for two quid a time if he didn't advertise some other watches for two *bob a time*? You've got to fetch 'em. Once you've got 'em in its quality that tells.

J. Simmerton had missed that bit. All his life. He hadn't the brains. He was only a darn good builder. About the best you'd find anywhere, I reckon.

So I took a walk up the hill to show him that the top of his head wasn't working.

"Not selling so well?" I said.

"Slack time of the year," says J. Simmerton.

"My foot!" said I. "You're not fetching 'em."

"It's quality tells," says J. Simmerton.

"My other foot!" said I.

"I sell twenty at six hundred for every one you sell at three hundred," says J. Simmerton. "And *my* customers are satisfied."

"How much d'you make on each?" said I. 'Come on, it's no good being coy. I know a bit more about the game than I did. I'll tell you, near as dammit You make a hundred quid on each."

"We—el . . ." says J. Simmerton.

"Tell you what I'll do," I said. "I'll split it with you You keep fifty, I'll take the other."

Did that boy look pop-eyed?

"If you don't agree," I said, "I shall simply walk out on you and try another idea somewhere else. But if you do agree I'll start up again. I'll put up another three-hundreder and recommence the advertising. That'll fetch 'em And you'll start selling again. And everything in the garden'll be lovely. For both of us. At fifty-fifty."

Well, when he'd done loosening his collar and shouting like blazes, he agreed. He had to.

And that's how we go along. Lots of estates, all up and down the country. I put up a hutch or two and advertise 'em at three hundred. That fetches 'em. He puts up the real stuff at six hundred and sells 'em like hot cakes—once the people are there.

And he's about as busy as they make 'em.

Me? Oh, I stay at home most of the time. Nothing for me to show up for. Wheeze runs itself.

Yes, nice house, ain't it? My brother, J. Simmerton, built it. I'd back that boy for building a house against anybody in the land.

But knowing what's what with bricks ain't enough, comrade.

J. Simmerton has the talent. He built this lovely house for me.

But I got the brains. *I* live in it.

HUMAN MACHINE

MAKING SENSE

One of the more horrible phrases to which this war has given rise is "wishful thinking." For the most part it has been used to damp us down whenever we have shown the slightest sign of being cheerful. For reason best known to themselves, the authorities have consistently sought to make us as gloomy as possible; and any sign of incipient happiness has promptly been condemned as "wishful thinking."

Well, let us hope that, with the end of the war, that silly phrase will disappear into forgetfulness along with a lot of other foolish and unpleasant things.

Meanwhile, let us see if it has any meaning at all. Maybe it has a little—if we turn it around and say it really expressed wishing without thinking at all. If it doesn't mean that, it means nothing.

Now, the trouble is that that is just what so many people do so much of the time. They don't think. Instead, they wish, they meander, they wander.

Yet to think is not really so hard—even if to think logically and well is one of the hardest things in the world. For what is this "thinking," reduced to its simplest terms? Just asking a question *and answering it*. Just solving some problem or other Simply making a decision after a weighing of facts. Not very difficult? Well, try it and see! It gets easier the more you try!

But seriously, that is just what thinking is; and the longer we can pursue the solving of a problem, the asking *and answering* of questions, the weighing up of facts, the better thinkers we are.

As for "wishful thinking," don't let anyone scare you off wishing every now and again. It never did anyone any harm. But don't forget to do a bit of thinking as well!

A JOB IN THE COMMONWEALTH—2

Canada

★ This is the second of a series of articles by CONNERY CHAPPELL investigating the possibilities ahead of a man who thinks of emigrating and building a new life in the Empire after the war

Her tongue suggests that munition-making is a ticklish job; her country has become a great industrial Power in the world

BEFORE considering post-war prospects in Canada, the far-reaching changes brought by her gigantic war effort must be understood.

Look at the bare facts. Canada is nearly as big as the whole of Europe, with a population of only about 11,500,000. Yet she has produced a voluntary Army of 500,000, an Air Force of 200,000, and a Navy of over 70,000.

She is now the fourth greatest munitions maker among the United Nations. She has diverted nearly 1,100,000 workers into direct or indirect war industries. And she is preparing to act as one of the chief larders and granaries to feed devastated Europe.

This vast effort has altered her whole economy and her entire outlook on life.

Stores of Metals

Take the industries first. Canada is now a major shipbuilding country. She has built a fleet of 750 cargo and escort vessels, equal to one-tenth of the whole pre-war British mercantile marine. It is a foregone conclusion that those slipways will not be allowed to rust.

Men from our shipyards may well find that their experience will be welcomed in Canada.

The future of the armaments and aircraft industries must be problematical. Canada has produced 10,000 Lancasters and Mosquitoes since the war began, and her plants have produced thousands of guns and vast quantities of ordnance. Such output may become unnecessary, but the mines and the blast furnaces, the chemical research stations and the steel foundries behind the factories will certainly be wanted under peace time conditions.

Canada is a great mining country, potentially one of the richest in the world. She already produces four out of every ten tons of aluminium among the United Nations.

Practically all the nickel in the world comes from her deposits. She has priceless stores of rare metals like magnesium, antimony, and molybdenum. She will need men for those mines.

Particularly will Canada need men for her coal and steel industries. Coal in Canada is abundant, but most of it is far from her other industries.

As transport improves, as new roads like the Alaska Highway bring the Yukon and the North-West Territory nearer to the main industrial belt, then the iron and the coal mines will become more and more important. And Canada will need men who have worked in these industries.

An eight-hour day, incidentally, has been standardised in the Canadian mining industry, as well as in building and railroad work.

Despite this industrial expansion, Canada is still primarily an agricultural country. But one effect of her war effort has been the drift of workers from the farms to the factories.

Men will be needed who know about farming. Men who have handled cattle, men who have taken courses in scientific agriculture—these will be welcomed.

Two other Canadian industries, both major ones, have been stretched to breaking-point since the war—the fisheries, and the timber trade.

Canada, of course, is one of the world's great fisheries; and since the war her canning industries have enlarged tenfold. She will need men for her fishing fleets and canning plants when the war is over.

Plenty of Sunshine

Canada's timber trade, her important paper industry, and all its associated trades, present a different problem. The task there will be to build up new reserves, to create great new forest belts, to replace those uprooted by the demands of war. Canada has the greatest timber resources in the world, and foresters and men who have studied the subject scientifically will be in demand.

That, then, is a rough picture of the virile new Canada which will be so great a power after the war. She will need electricians and builders for her new hydro-electric plants; surveyors and skilled men for the great roads; shipbuilders and chemists, research workers and miners, fishermen and farmers.

What sort of reception will there be for the prospective settler?

This question cannot yet be answered. The Canadians will see that their own Servicemen are settled into jobs before they will talk about emigration.

That is right. But the authorities will certainly make three stipulations. The applicant will have to be fit. He will have to be of good character. And there will have to be a job for which he is fitted.

In return, Canada will offer a high standard of living and comfort. In Ontario, skilled miners average £377 a year and other workers earn in proportion.

The standard of living is high because costs are comparatively low—£666 will build a brick or frame house, including the cost of the land, with five rooms, central heating, bathroom and garage.

Social security is provided for by widows, orphans and old-age pensions, Government savings banks, workmen's compensation.

Most important is that throughout the year there is an average of six hours' daily sunshine to maintain the health standard.

Enough to Make any Man Shudder!

THE one bright spot about the war has been the whiskers round my cuffs. And the way my heels have been down. And my tie all bursting out.

Everybody's been in the same boat, so that a man could be shabby without *feeling* shabby.

Why, for months now you've only been stared at when you *haven't* had whiskers round your cuffs.

There's a change coming, though. All this peace is going to make a sorry difference. Before very long you'll see a man somewhere wearing a new tie, and then we shall all have to fall into line.

★ ★ ★

Perhaps you've noticed signs of the change here and there. Men, on the whole, are looking more miserable. Women are looking brighter.

That's a funny thing. Show a man a new suit and he bursts into tears. Show a woman a new hat and she can't stop grinning. Until she gets the hat.

That's another funny thing. A man will accept the inevitable where clothes go. When he can't go about in his rags any longer he will go (or at least he will allow himself to be dragged) to the tailor; he will get a new suit and put it on and grouse and sigh and grumble. But then he'll try his best to forget all about it, and the sooner it gets shabby the better pleased he is.

Whereas a woman will simply dash off (you couldn't drag her back) to a hat shop and get a new hat. But . . . she will get a new hat and put it on and grouse and sigh and grumble.

As soon as a woman's got a new hat she finds a million things wrong with it—especially after she's seen the new hat that Mrs. Brown's got. She starts to alter it and let a bit in and take a bit out and fuss, fuss, fuss.

★ ★ ★

Nevertheless, women are already smiling at the prospect of being able once more to buy a lot of hats they'll hate like poison as soon as they've seen a lot of hats that a lot of other women have bought.

And men are already shuddering at the thought of new suits.

And I'll bet Joe Goebbels is, too.

"But, Doktor! The broad arrow motif is really quite the latest thing. So becoming. If the Doktor will kindly leave it to me."

And he will. Like the rest of us, he'll be just a jellyfish.

A. G.

VOICE

OFF duty, a trip to Spain is one of the attractions for troops stationed in Malta. L. Bdr. W. A. Worship, Forty H.Q., writes to his sister at Matt hall, East Dereham, Norfolk:

On Sunday, I had the best time I had since I left home. Three of us went to Spain for the day, and an additional attraction was the fact that we had to go in civvy clothes, as Spain is a neutral country.

We set off for Algeciras, which is across the Bay, with the journey across the water taking about forty minutes. It was a treat to see the "Rock" from another angle! I hope to get the chance from the same angle when we sail for home, another trip we are looking forward to.

There was a Fiesta on in the town, which means that everybody was dressed up and determined to have fun. A lovely, sunny day, fountain plays, oranges growing on the trees in the square, and cafés where one could sit and drink and watch the world go by.

The children were in the picturesque national dress, and the girls wore elaborate combs and flowers in their hair. As they danced they marked the rhythm with their castanets.

It all ended with a bull fight, which was the least pleasant part of the entertainment. We came out after two bulls had been killed, feeling a little sick of the show in the vast arena. It is not our idea of "sport."

Altogether a very good day. We got back just before midnight, in time for a good old cup of tea.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, London Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

IS it possible for a man to love his wife too much? The question is prompted by a letter from a Serviceman who is wondering what will happen when he is demobbed.

The last time his wife wrote to him she said:

I wish you wouldn't be so sloppy in your letters. You must know I never did care a hang for you. I can't help it, I just can't stick having you around. You are a good husband, but if you don't find someone else I shan't grieve. You get on my nerves. . . .

We have been married twelve years, the man writes, and were fairly comfortable till the war broke out, but since then things have been going from bad to worse. My wife isn't ill in body. She is a good wife, and in spite of everything I still have a warm place in my heart for her and would do anything to make her happy.

She has never asked me for money, but I always send her all I can spare of my Army pay for any little extras in the way of clothes.

I don't profess to be a little Fauntleroy, but I am essentially a home-loving person. I like to read a book or potter in the garden.

If things are like this now, what will they be like when I am home for good? I have done all I can, but if I try to reason with her she refuses to listen. Perhaps I am too much of a home-loving person for her?

F THE TROOPS

udience with Pope

oops in Italy are impressed by beauty of Rome and by the and ceremony of an audience the Pope. W/Sgt. D. Ward, writes to his family at Gibbs Lane, Radlett, Herts:

e top of the hill, we saw for the e Rome basking in the morning ith the River Tiber winding its wards the sea.

parking our truck, we took a o see the sights and then walked he Tiber to St. Peter's Church, side Vatican City. Here Pope II was to give a special audience Army men.

eter's is impressive with its forty- ars and the vaults of 127 Popes. id fifteen lira to climb up the nd spiral steps to the dome, but worth the climb to see Rome out below us upon the seven which it is built, and the Tiber by recent heavy rains, flowing the forty-nine bridges.

Now it was time for the Pope's ce. Up the wide staircases move Army men, and into the Audi- Chamber, 200 yards long and 50 wide. A strip of crimson carpet the centre runs up to a raised at the farther end.

e is a hush as the Swiss Guards p positions on each side of the followed by a tremendous shout Pope is carried in under a canopy, ed by his personal bodyguard and d by a long retinue of crimson rdinals.

Pope looks friendly and, smiling, ses the men as he is carried to rone.

He makes a short address in English welcoming us to Rome. A hymn follows, 8th Army padres are presented, and the ceremony is over.

Beetle Racing!

Beetles must be a poor substitute for racehorses, but Army men serving in Italy will have their sport according to Pte. D. Baker, C.M.F., who writes to his father at Baltic Road, Tonbridge, Kent:

The beetle racing season has just opened, and I have had an amusing, if not too profitable evening. The price paid by the owner for an entry in a race is 2s. 6d. The course consists of a small circle inside a larger one, the distance between the two being the distance of the race. The first over the line is the winner.

For purposes of identification, the beetles are painted different colours. The starting gate is an inverted tumbler. When this is raised, "They're off." They crawl along at breakneck speed, loudly cheered by backers and owners.

One beetle won so frequently that there were rumours of "doping," and the bookmakers (both of them) got browned off owing to their heavy losses on this insect.

To save themselves from bankruptcy, they clubbed together and offered the owner of the beetle 25s. to destroy his champion, which he did!

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

"When the tank boys were here, THEY never left the gate open"

Pat on the Back

A plea for publicity for the men who carry up supplies for the bridge builders of the Army in France is made by Sgt. F. West, Bridge Company, R.A.S.C., in a letter to a friend at Long Acre, London, W.C.2:

A recurring grouse with our lads is that when there is praise for the bridge building feats by the Army as it advances, the Royal Engineers are always given the glory, never a mention of how the bridges get there!

That is our job. Our drivers have to deliver the goods at the right place, at the right time and in the right order. In fact, we have to do our job before the sappers can start on theirs.

No one begrudges praise for the R.E.s, but it is time that our lads got a little publicity. They are doing a grand job, and it's a pity that nobody hears anything about it.

Good Food

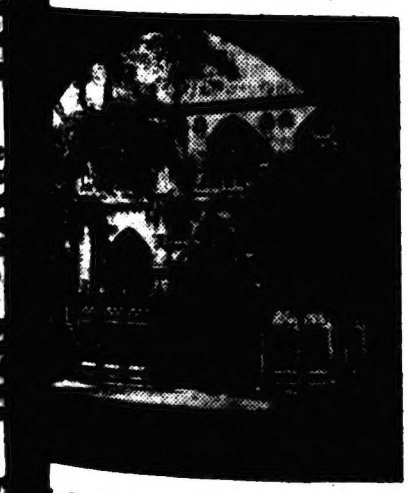
This is sensational! A compliment to Army food comes from Gnr. G. W. Fendt, R.A., serving in Italy, in a letter to a friend at Rosebery Avenue, Tottenham, London, N.17:

Considering that we are front-line troops we are getting very good food. In fact, I think that the Army handles the food problem very well indeed. We get plenty of fresh meat and vegetables, also 12 oz. of good white bread per man.

We keep on pushing on and the Italian civilians greet us with open arms when we enter a town. At one place "Jerry" was hardly out of the town before notices appeared on the walls: "Viva l' 8th Armata' and "Welcome to our Town."

Everywhere there is plenty of wine, but we don't take too much, for we are advancing all the time, and we have to keep our wits about us.

Where Queen Victoria Still Reigns



edral cities are cold places for strangers!

uld be much obliged for any help n give me.

suspicion that there is some other an be dismissed right away. The s not attracted to the male sex ould probably have been happier had remained single. But the re "tied" by matrimonial bonds ere are no grounds for divorce or eparation.

majority of wives complain that husbands are not affectionate n. They like a man who is always them, and they like him to sloppy" letters when he is forced away. Men's letters are often too -of-fact. British men are shy or nscious when they express their ns.

This particular man happens, by ill-luck, to have married a woman who does not like demonstrations of affection, and it would be better if he could appear casual and less attached to his home. Pity he is not a sailor or a commercial traveller for an export firm!

I wonder whether many other wives feel like that about their men-folk? A clergyman's wife told me that she often wished her husband went out of the house in the mornings like other men. She said it was a nuisance to have a man always around.

Another long letter comes from a wife whose husband won't work if he can help it. In addition to running the home she seems to have earned most of the money. The man treats her brutally.

He is insanely jealous, she writes, and accuses me of carrying on with American soldiers. He is dirty and untidy about the house, and enjoys making more and more housework for me to do. Every word he speaks is unkind and vulgar. I have never heard such filthy expressions as he uses.

He never has a meal without grumbling. He once threw a steak-and-kidney pudding at the window.

I hardly ever go out.

Only yesterday he said he hoped to see me in the gutter.

MORE need not be quoted, for it all confirms the impression quoted above. The woman has plenty of grounds for a legal separation, but, to my astonishment—her last sentence is this: *To break up my home would be the last of my thoughts.*

What then does she want?

She simply wants to know if she can make a will, leaving her own earnings to a friend in trust for her children. The answer is "yes." It would be wise to do this. Otherwise that husband of hers will squander her savings until there is nothing left for the children.

I advise her to see a solicitor and make sure that the will is "watertight."

But the irony of these two letters is striking. One wife wants to be rid of a good home-loving husband; the other has a thoroughly bad husband and is unwilling to separate.

There is just room for a comment on a subject discussed two or three weeks ago:

Whatever makes you think that the London suburbs are more snobbish than suburbs anywhere else, writes a man from the Midlands. I have lived in a London surburb and in the suburbs of two other cities, and there isn't a pin to choose between them. The explanation must be in the suburban atmosphere! You have to wait months before your existence is noticed. You are kept in quarantine till the neighbours are sure you are safe to know.

But I speak from experience when I tell you that the very worst place for a man who is naturally companionable is a cathedral city.

I have lived in several, and they are all alike. Why are they so scared of contact with strangers? Do they really suspect us of being lepers?

I imagine they are living the life of pre-1914, and it is quite possible that some of them have never heard that Queen Victoria died some time ago.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● For years we have been doubtful about local drinking-water. Now an American unit commander has taken an analysis and declares the water unfit for human consumption. Now—perhaps—something will be done about it!—R. Denis, Kingshill Road, Dursley, Glos.

* * *

Flies are champion disease-carriers, yet we cannot buy flycatchers to deal with this menace to health. Does the Board of Trade think that a few tons of fly-paper material are more important than the health of the people?—A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

* * *

It is alleged that laxity of blood donors is causing grave concern. Yet I offered my services many weeks ago and have been ignored.—A. Haughton, Bridge Street, Garstang.

* * *

Government experts have now classed the fox as Public Enemy No. 1. Yet this marauding animal is being artificially bred by the fox-hunting class. — F. French, Buston, Northampton.

* * *

Scholars preparing for matric. exams. should be allowed to study such books as "Social Security," by W. A. Robson, or books on similar important subjects, instead of having to answer questions about novels such as "Lorna Doone," etc. —"C. W. E.," Leicester.

EASY

lightens the work of the blade by softening the toughest beard

✱ *Include one in the parcels you send to your men-folk in the Services.*

7½D PER STICK *(includes purchase tax)*

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Eggs are plentiful

Thanks to dried eggs, you can have at least three nourishing egg dishes every week. Small children can have more, for holders of green ration books get a double ration — two packets of dried eggs each month. Remember, dried eggs are easy to *get*, easy to *cook* and easy on the purse as well.

What do YOU make with your allowance of Dried Eggs?

If you are four grown-ups in family your allowance of dried egg is one whole packet a week — more if the four include a child under 6. What a lot of appetising and nourishing dishes for four hungry mouths you can make out of 12 dried eggs (one packet)! Let's see how it goes:

MONDAY: Scrambled eggs for a quick, substantial breakfast; that takes 4.

WEDNESDAY: Egg and bacon pie for dinner; that's another 2.

FRIDAY: Omelette for supper; for four people, allow 5 dried eggs.

SUNDAY: Let's have a nice eggy cake for tea; that's the last in the packet.

And remember; whether you use dried eggs in sweet or savoury dishes, the nourishment's the same: food that builds and repairs tissue, with vitamins for health into the bargain.

NOTE: *After mixing the eggs (1 level tablespoon of egg plus 2 tablespoons of water equals one shell egg) use at once. Don't mix more than you need. Use in recipes exactly as shell eggs, beating as usual before adding to other ingredients.*

Issued by the Ministry of Food. DEI

Make Wright's the 'rule' for the Toilet and Nursery. Kind to the tenderest skin.

WRIGHT'S

COAL TAR SOAP

ONE TABLET
ONE COUPON

I've had a bit of luck!

...got a tin of Nescafé How nice to get off your feet and enjoy a refreshing cup of fragrant Nescafé! Made in a jiffy, right in the cup. No bother. No coffee-pot to empty and wash up! Overwhelming demand makes it impossible to supply all the Nescafé people want. However, available supplies are distributed fairly throughout the country; you may be lucky one day!

NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

NSB

LAST LAUGH

F. N. (Chipstead).—"A friend of mine in the medical profession who practises in New York weighs nearly 19 stone and is a life-long teetotaler." He must be one of the biggest dry docs in America.

AGNES (Cheam).—"Before the war we did a lovely European tour—Paris, Madrid, Prague, Venice, and on our return we touched Florence." Had you ever borrowed from her before?

S. N. (Hove).—"I enclose a water-colour of Brighton that I painted some years ago from the very end of the pier." The picture shows promise, but we feel you didn't go far enough.

A. K. (Colchester).—"Apparently the Fuehrer has no domestic ties." But it is becoming apparent that sooner or later he will be left to hold the baby.

S. V. (Ilford).—"By 283 B.C. Alexander had conquered the known world east of the Adriatic." In 1944 A.D. he is making rapid progress to the west of this sea.

TOMMY (Aldershot).—"At first I found plenty to amuse me in the Army, but lately it has been different." Don't even the blankets tickle you now?

CENTENARIAN (London, S.).—"I can remember when green peas grew in Long Acre." And just round the corner there were Bow Street runners.

H. P. (Stoke).—"There must be thousands of obsolete radio sets in this country." Very suitable for the jokes radio comedians broadcast.

H. K. T. (Thorpe-le-Soken).—"The backbone seems to have gone out of the German nation." Filleted herrenvolk.

W. N. J. (Kirby).—"Pictures have been published lately of Goering without any medals." What does this signify? A wave of nudism?

D. N. (Edgware).—"An umbrella of transparent plastic is predicted." No need to peer round the edge to see if the owner is approaching.

PADRE (Essex).—"I cannot understand how our troops can drink cupful after cupful of the washy stuff some canteens call tea." Probably because you have not tasted the stuff they call coffee?

CONVICT (Dartmoor).—"In this letter smuggled out at great inconvenience I want to assure you I am not out for trouble." We understand: you are in.

N. T. (Bootle).—"Naturally the Government in the fifth year of the war can't offer us plenty of anything." Except advice.

T. T. (Tooting).—"What is your definition of a monologue?" A conversation with a politician.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"'lo, William! Gettin' be'ind with yer conquerin', aren't yer?"

Side-Slips

EDINBURGH EVENING DESPATCH:—"On the coast there is still no sound from the big GUNS of Le Havre. . . ."

MIDDLESBROUGH EVENING GAZETTE:—". . . contained seventy times more vitamin "A" than COD-LIVER OIL."

EVENING NEWS:—". . . police saw the defendant remove the SEA from the lorry and take it away in his own lorry."

BRADFORD TELEGRAPH:—"I drink sixteen or eighteen PINS a day when I am not driving."

THE STAR:—". . . depends for its success on its signalling equipment is difficult to ASSES, but a great deal of credit for . . ."

WEYMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—". . . interfere with a retreat which may soon become a ROUTE."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"The King's St. Leger COLD was always prominent. . . ."

HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—"There are eleven DAY and four injured."

GREATEST OF THESE

● The War in the West is rushing to its close: no doubt of that! But nor is there any doubt that, though the news is welcome to men whose health was shattered in the struggle against Germany, it will not relieve the poverty which many of them suffer.

Yes, poverty. Even those ex-Servicemen who receive a pension find it hard to keep their family—and pay the landlord—when they are in hospital or are too ill to work.

Almost inevitably they get into debt. They write to us telling how the wife is going short of food for the youngsters' sake, how those youngsters need new shoes, and how it's impossible to afford the little "extras" of life.

We try to help them. We can help more if you will make it possible for us to do so by sending a donation to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

All money is pooled and allocated fairly among the deserving cases on our books. Grateful acknowledgment will be made, though anonymous donations are also welcome; current subscription lists are available, and all administrative costs are paid by us.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Cash Winners

First Prize £100—'Bullets' 1,

F. Senior, 19, Withnell Road, chester 19, for this "Bullet":

VICTORY BELLS

CAST IN DUNKIRK'S "SAND."

£10: C. Richards, 55, Purcell Coventry.
The Right Idea—Empire Us, "Ours."

£5: J. R. Rowland, 96, Poplar Street, Moor, Stanley, Co. Durham.
How it Started—German Germany "Hungered"!

£4: F. Taylor, 42, Ordnance Street, port.
Thanks To Our Shining—Light Lights Seen Shining.

£3: E. G. Cross, 130, Crown Street, borough.
Superhuman Effort—After Before Berlin.

£2: W. S. Dobson, 55, Alma Road, dale, Southport.
Victory Bells—"Rocking" "Awakening" Churches?

30s.: Cpl. A. Inman, 7655760, in-Britain.
Victory Bells—And Wages, "ing Scale"?

30s.: L. Davies, 153, Chester Road, Coldfield, Birmingham.
Moaning Minnie — Till "Doodlebug," Missed.

30s.: Pte. R. Harrison, 1552602, in-Britain.
Wrapped In Gloom—Pessimist covered Himself Optimistic!

30s.: H. D. Gilroy, 11, Rosebery Cosham, Hants.
Grandpa's Complaint — Boches opened—Binoculars Banned!

30s.: Miss K. Kaye, 17, Glebe Road, bolt, Huddersfield.
Hot And Cold—Fritz, "Plumbing Germany's Plight.

Fountain Pen with each of the above Prizes. A list of 50 winners of 5s. can be seen at the office: 250 New Prizes and 750 Merit Awards have been posted.

THREE BIG CHEQUES WON IN XWORD 394

WINNING WORDS: 1. TRACK. 2. CLEAR. 3. SORE. 4. RUSH. 5. BLIND. 6. CREEK. 7. PLACES. 8. WOOD. 9. FOUL. 10. BOOK. 11. PLUMS. 12. PRIDE. 13. RAT. 14. RAIL.

SHARERS OF £100: Cpl. A. W. Bruce, Somerset, in-Britain; D. Davis, 75, The Cut, Lambeth, S.E.1; F. Sharp, 79, Spring Bank, Grimsby.

RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value £25 shared between 24 entrants.

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G. V. MILLNS, of 2 Shelley Avenue, Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts., writes:—"Having been a sufferer from hay fever since I was 8 years old I dread summer time coming. I have tried everything and anything to try and get a little relief and as a last resource my wife told me to try some of her 'ASPRO' which she has for her head. Since trying same I have not only been able to carry on work, but to work in a hay-field which previously I used to avoid."

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EVER tried to make a *Bullet*? Every one of the 1,442 readers who have already won First Prizes had to make a first entry at some time. With a grand Cash-plus-Radio First to spur you on, what about making your first entry this week?

Follow the simple directions below, post your entry not later than Monday, October 2, and any of this week's prizes to the value of over £225 can be yours!

HOW TO WIN

Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any *Example* below.

For instance, a Highgate reader who had not entered *Bullets* for years recently selected the *Example*, HOUSES FOR ALL. Upon that *Example* he built the First Prize *Bullet*, HOUSES FOR ALL—THAT CANNOT "BLOW OVER."

More winners for further guidance await you in the latest *Bullets* result on page 14.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Oct. 21, also Editor's decision in any matter in dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

THE ALLIED AVALANCHE
TO WIN THE PEACE
FREE FROM THE NAZIS
WITH GRATITUDE
FUTURE GENERATIONS
WE WAIT AND WAIT, BUT
NO TROUBLE
FOR A LITTLE
UNNECESSARY NOW
OUT OF PRISON
ALL GONE
TOMMY DESERVES
TOOK THE WRONG ROAD
THAT NIGHT
HASN'T ALTERED
WHEN DAD'S DEMOBBED

SORRY TALE
LET'S BE WISE AND
TAKES COURAGE
HITLER'S EPITAPH

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

BRITAIN'S .....
NO MORE .....
WOULDN'T BE.....
IN GOOD .....
NOT GOING TO .....
MAN OF THE.....

USE MARGIN IF DESIRED—CUT HERE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Oct. 14. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,446

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY OCT. 2

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,446—"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

mild

et effective in action

ver you need a laxative, remember that LIXEN *is an easy, pleasant way to correct irregularity. It uses senna pods by a special process which increases, this gentle laxative is specially suitable for children or adults. LIXEN ELIXIR* 2/3, 3/11. *LIXEN LOZENGES,* fruit *in bottles,* 1/8. Purchase Tax included.

LIXEN THE GOOD-NATURED *Laxative*

England by ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.

L/54H

ARE YOU NEW TO FALSE TEETH?

Gain CONFIDENCE & COMFORT this way

However great the dentist's skill, your mouth probably feels "full of teeth." During this difficult initial period, gain confidence by sprinkling KOLYNOS DENTURE *FIXATIVE* on the contact surface of the dental plate. This tasteless powder—harmless to denture and user—will hold your plate firmly yet comfortably in correct position and will help you to masticate food properly. Dentists recommend it. From all chemists—2/3 & 3/3.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also, use Kolynos Denture Powder for cleaning false teeth—1/6

New "TWO-IN-ONE" Healing action for

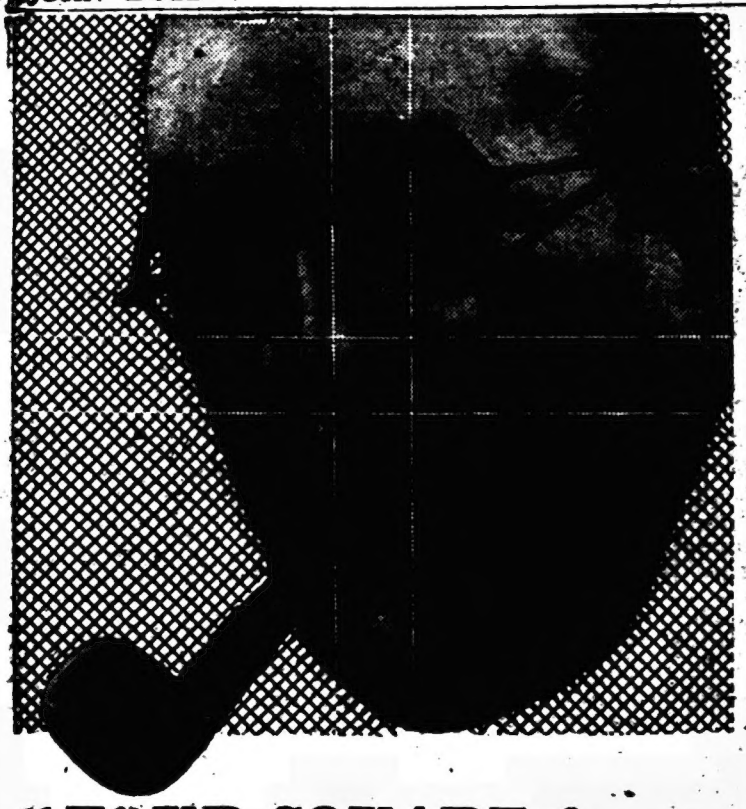
SKIN TROUBLES

Great Advance of Science

Eczema, Boils, Rashes, Pimples, Dermatitis, "Athlete's Foot" and other common skin diseases yield like magic to the two-in-one healing action of Valderma. Germs—of several different kinds—are the cause of most skin troubles. That is why you need the Double-Antiseptic action of Valderma to defeat their attack. Each of Valderma's two antiseptics is fatal to certain kinds of bacteria; the two together give you a sure shield against almost all. Prescribed by Skin Specialists; Laboratory and Hospital tested. The fact that Valderma is an oil-in-water emulsion is your guarantee that poisonous matter can escape without fear of re-infection. Bland, agreeable, white—cannot stain. Heals many skin troubles in a few days. 2/- a jar—double size 3/6d. (including Tax).

VALDERMA ANTISEPTIC BALM

(38A)



"FOUR SQUARE for me

because it is pure tobacco without any artificial flavouring. Remember, too, that it's a favourite with the Forces and that you can send it at Duty Free rates to men serving overseas."

FOUR SQUARE TOBACCOS

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

THE GREAT HEALTH BUILDER

SUPPLIES ARE BEING SHARED OUT AS EVENLY AND FAIRLY AS POSSIBLE

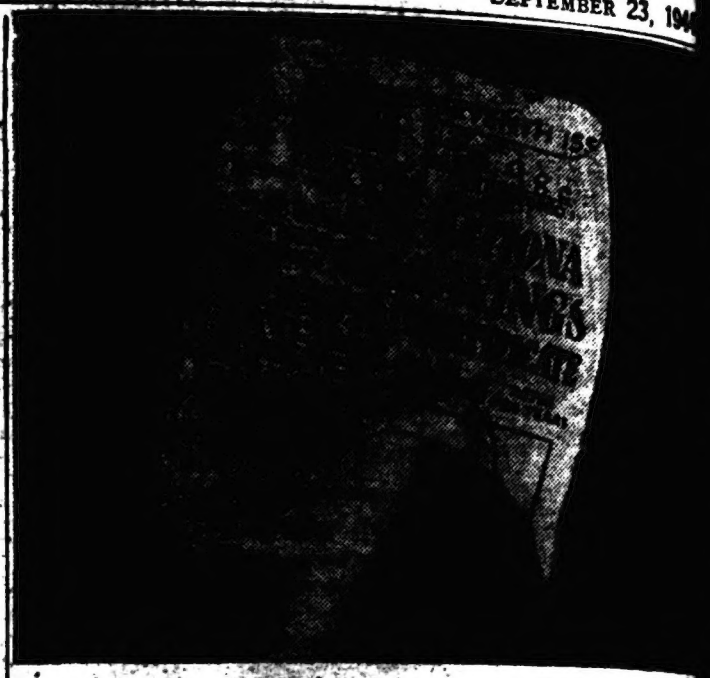
Non-Alcoholic

VIRONITA

Pronounced VYRO-NEE-TA

M. CALTHORPE & Co. Ltd.

Manufacturing Chemists, OSSETT.



You and every member of your family may hold 500 each

★ ★ ★ ★

If you already hold your quota of 500 Certificates (issued at any price under £1) you can still save the Certificate way by acquiring up to 250 £1 Certificates.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

GUARD YOUR TEETH...

...Night & Morning

The only way to keep your teeth safe from acid is by *regular* cleansing. However rushed you may be, you really cannot afford ever to neglect them. So every night and every morning clean your teeth thoroughly with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This is the one toothpaste which contains 'Milk of Magnesia'*, recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillip's preparation of magnesia.*

I soon say good-bye to LUMBAGO

And a very good 'good-bye' it is too for I'm a busy man with plenty to get through. Just as quickly as the attack comes on so do I counter-attack with the most effective thing I know—Beecham's Powders. They're wonderful! Quickly absorbed they are speedy in action. I always keep them handy because they are equally good for Headaches, Nerve Pains, Rheumatic Twinges, Colds and Chills.

Prices in Great Britain (incl. Purchase Tax).

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4
Single Powders 2½d. each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

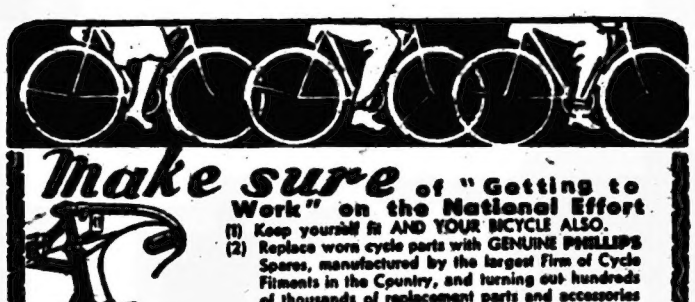
Make it easy- have a MACLEAN SHAVE

1 *Wet the beard thoroughly.*

2 *Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip.*

3 *Lather with plenty of water and brush.*

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed. 1/3 per tube


Make sure of "Getting to Work" on the National Effort
(1) Keep yourself fit AND YOUR BICYCLE ALSO.
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Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without griping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

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